

LOSERS by 89tczier

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: 'some hurt all comfort' as i like to put it, Intricate Rituals, Multi, Mutual Pining, Pining, Richie Tozier Has ADHD, Sonia Kaspbrak's A+ Parenting, The Smallest Amount of Angst, Trans Bill Denbrough, Trans Male Character, also stan and rich love each other lots, because i can fuck you, ben and bev are sickeningly in love, richie is whipped but what else were you expecting, so muchhhh pinning, they're like 17 in this, yes its a group chat fic because im sad and self indulging

Language: English

Characters: Audra Phillips, Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, others mentioned - Character

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Audra Phillips, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Mike Hanlon/Stamley Uris

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Summary:

its a group chat fic idk what to tell ya

gc + some actual prose bcoz i love a little slice of life stuff

1. is richie tozier a furry? i'll never tell

boverly - bev

Stan - stan

billiam - bill

hanscom - ben

farm dad - mike

nya - richie

gazebos - eddie

LOSERS

thursday 16:00

nya : owkay wadies!! wets get in fowmation!!!

billiam : each day richie drags us closer from god's light

gazebos : and i get one day closer to blocking him

nya : unrealistic, you'd never block me because it would hurt my feelings

billiam : he;s got ya there eddie

gazebos : ur blocked too

boverly : oh is it uwu hours??

nya : join me, beverly

boveryly : i think you mean

boverly : bevewy!!

gazebos : you are both dead to me

gazebos : @hanscom come get ur girl

hanscom : ... its kinda cute when she does it

uwu : KSJRGRKERJ I KNOW THIS IS A BUT BUT BEV LITERALLY
MADE A 'UWAH' NOISE GIRLY'S GOT IT BAAAAAAD

boverly : TRAITOR

hanscom : cant help it!! she's cute!!

Stan : What the fuck is going on?

billiam : richie's a furry, ben is an ideal boyf and bev is a sappy gal

Stan : So, nothing new then.

boverly : SNAKES

billiam : thats such a dead meme bev

nya : ur the dead meme

boverly : this doesnt make up for exposing me but thanks wichie

gazebos : please.... dont encourage him

nya : aw spageddie you know you wuv it

gazebos : god i didnt think it could get worse....

nya : guess again binch !!

billiam : richie change your goddamn NAME

nya : no

Stan : I will pay you to change it.

nya : does the though of me being a cat girl ture gikegh

gazebos : RIGHTS REMOVED

Stan : Eddie, thank you for saving my life.

nya : sabotaged by my own mans

gazebos : pewish, i guess

nya : (。 U/ /ω/ / U。)

gazebos : HATED THAT

farm dad : what the fuck did I walk in on

Stan : Richie's being cursed.

nya : all in a days work mike and ikes

farm dad : understandable, have a nice day

Stan : Mike, please don't encourage him.

Stan : Also, I'm here, let me in

nya : n...nya (●´ω`●)

Stan : On second thought, Eddie, you can handle him yourself.

gazebo : my guy i really cant

nya : o(□ω□)o

gazebo : thats it

nya : hjfgwo80

boverly : the girls are fightinnngggggg

nya has changed their display name to *trashmouth*

gazebo : my work here is done

private chat between *stan <3* (stan) and *Mike* (mike)

stan <3 : *sap.mov*

[desc. eddie and richie yelling at each other 'change it!' and 'nowo' respectively over and over again until eddie stops, his tone softening some, and says 'please'. richie stays quiet for a moment before sighing dramatically and saying 'fine!'. eddie looks satisfied]

Mike : huh he really be in love dont he

stan <3 : As much as it pains me to say it...

stan <3 : he really do be

Mike : screenshotted !!

stan <3 : Blocked.

Mike : D:

stan <3 : I'm kidding...

Mike : i know dw <3

LOSERS

thursday 19:29

farm dad : GUYSSSSS

farm dad : look who I ran into

farm dad : *georgie.jpeg*

[*desc. georgie on mike's shoulders, both of them are grinning*]

boverly : OH BLESS???

Stan : That is really cute.

trashmouth : who ya talkin about there, stanny

private chat between Idiot (richie) and stan the man (stan)

stan the man : BEEP BEEP!

Idiot : LSJGEKSR I THOUGHT I SENT THAT HERE HANG ON
I'LLKDJHGERIGH

LOSERS

farm dad : ???

trashmouth : no cuter boy than eddie and he's not in that picture

private chat between *Idiot* and *stan the man*

Idiot : there, what i tell ya

stan the man : I would have ended you.

Idiot : your insistence on proper grammar and punctuation makes your threats seem vaguely possible

stan the man : Good.

stan the man : It was a really cute photo.

LOSERS

gazebo : richie i'll end you

trashmouth : stan just said the exact same thing to me

trashmouth : my two boyos

trashmouth : so in sync

Stan : You're full of shit, Tozier.

trashmouth : biphobia

gazebo : rich getting put in your place isn't biphobia

boverly : idk sounds pretty biphobic to me :/

gazebo : why am i friends with you people

trashmouth : coz your life would suck without us

gazebo : ... valid

trashmouth : UWAH!!

trashmouth : soft eddie boy has made an appearance

gazebos : richie you make me wanna go feral

trashmouth : isnt he delightful

billiam : watch eddie lose it one day and end up throttling richie

trashmouth : jokes on you because a) im into that

Stan : Beep Beep.

trashmouth : and b) eddie's not tall enough to reach my neck

gazebos : you've sunk low enough for me to reach you, asshole

boverly : SHHDFNFH

trashmouth : as much as i love dirty talk, you're gonna have to find another way to kill me, eds

gazebos : better sleep with one eye open, bitch

trashmouth : funny, your mom said the exact same thing to me last night

Stan : Richie, that doesn't make any fucking sense.

hanscom : probably because she's sick of you sneaking into Eddie's room at three am

boverly : DFGHEIR BEN

billiam : WE-

gazebos : who asked you haystack

private chat between momther (bev) and snon (eddie)

momther : someone's defensive

snon : control ur mans, beverbitch

momther : i love spending quality time with my child

LOSERS

thursday 21:53

billiam : AAAAAAA

billiam : *babey.png*

[desc. a selfie taken by bill of georgie nestled under his arm, asleep, its very cute 10/10 dentists agree]

boverly : OH FUCK HE!!!

farm dad : CONTENT

trashmouth : TWO doses of georgie in an evening?? we're well fed tonight

billiam : he's so cute but fuck man i gotta pee SO BAD

hanscom : bill dont you dare move

billiam : uhiurhkhfwhfuhgvr guess i'll die then

billiam : oh fuck he stirrin!!

gazebo : aaa what an angel

billiam : *sleeby.mov*

[desc. a very sleepy georgie looking at the screen and waving with a grin on his face, he looks like he's about to fall asleep again]

trashmouth : I COULD CRY HEY GEORGIE

billiam : i gotta take him off to bed but he says goodnight to everyone and another goodnight to richie

trashmouth : FOLKS IVE MADE IT

gazebo : i cant even be jealous thats such an accomplishment

boverly : why would you be jealous

private chat between momther and snon

snon : THIN ICE

momther : kaskdfhksajdf

LOSERS

gazebo : i want a goodnight from georgie

trashmouth : i'd give you a good night but i'm saving it for your mom

gazebo : shut the fuck up richard

private chat between angel (eddie) and DipShit (richie)

angel : ive had

angel : hm

angel : a really shitty evening

DipShit : leave ur window open <3

2. stan and richie's 5 step plan to ruin each other's lives

Summary for the Chapter:

whats some good old psychological warfare between friends?

LOSERS

friday 07:02

gazebo : ben you're a fucking prophet

hanscom : ???

billiam : why is richie running down the fucking street laughing maniacally??

trashmouth : sONTIWA

trashmouth : SON IA EREERFD

boverly : WAITTTTTTTTTT HOL Y SHIT

boverly : DID SHE CATCH YOU IN EDDIES ROOM FOR REAL THIS TIME??

gazebo : FUCKING ALMOST BECAUSE RICHIE WOULDN'T KNOW
QUIET IF IT CAME OVER AND PUNCHED HIM IN THE FACE

boverly : I CANT BREATHE FUCK

gazebo : goooooooooooooood that was awful i wanna DIE

trashmouth : i'm fine, by the way, thanks for asking

gazebo : i have no sympathy for you???? you tripped over fucking
nothing

trashmouth : i tripped over your godforsaken shorts you toad

Stan : I guess you were right then, Rich.

trashmouth : stan... buddy..... COMRADE

gazebo : ????

Stan : Forget I said anything.

trashmouth : stan just did the text equivalent of cocking a shotgun

and putting it right against my forehead

gazebo : im not even gonna fuckin ask

trashmouth : smart move, see you at school darling <33333

gazebo : i hope you trip and fall again

trashmouth : only if its into your arms ;]

private chat between momther and snon

snon : gheirhgergkergejr

momther : really??

momther : that line worked on you??

snon : dont act like ben's god awful attempt at flirting didnt leave you in a puddle every time

momther : i cant read, suddenly

snon : take the L

private chat between Idiot and stan the man

stan the man : I guess those shorts really were the death of you.

Idiot : and he takes the shot lads!!!

—

It took only a second for Stan to spot the rest of the losers (plus Audra, who Stan was becoming increasingly fond of) in the cafeteria. Richie gave him a grin, shuffling to the end of the bench opening a spot between him and Mike. He struggled not to grit his teeth. He supposed this was valid payback for the shorts comment. Stan rolled his shoulders back and took his seat.

“Hey bud- oh!” Mike’s eyes lit up, “can I have some of your baby carrots?”

And what was Stan going to do, say no? He nodded, opening the bag and offering it to Mike. The gesture went unnoticed by Richie (since he has become very preoccupied with annoying Eddie), which Stan was thankful for.

“Is that Stan?” Audra asked, she was sitting perched on Bill’s lap, his arms tightly wound around her. He would say it was to make sure everyone could fit around the table, but everyone knew that was a load of bullshit.

“Hey, Audra,” he smiled.

She smiled in his direction. Stan smiled back even though she couldn’t really see it.

A very smiley Bev and a slightly bashful Ben suddenly planted themselves across the table.

“Janitor catch you again?” Richie grinned as his wrist was slapped away by Eddie, who’s face had no real malice on it.

“Maybe he did, Tozier, what’s it to you?” Bev retorted, Ben looked very much like he wanted to disappear.

Richie snorted, “touché,” he conceded.

Beverly grinned in victory, “anyway, I was wondering if you losers, and you too, Audra, were doing anything tonight?”

“We’re ac- actually g-going to a p-p-poetry slam t-tonight,” Bill stated, Stan got the feeling he was way more excited than he was letting on.

“Poetry? God you two are obnoxiously gross.”

“We’re cultured, Rich, try it sometime,” Audra said, and Stan almost choked on his water.

“Audra, I’m going to shake your hand right now.” He said matter-o’-factly, waiting for her to extend her arm before he took her hand. The others laughed, Richie pretended to pout.

“Look at me, treated like this by the people I call my friends.”

Eddie rolled his eyes, “maybe if you didn’t run that fucking trashmouth of yours so much...”

“Your mom happens to like my mouth a lot– ow! Hey!” Richie yelped as Eddie no doubt kicked him under the table, they were both smiling though.

Stan met Bev’s eye, and she shrugged her shoulders, “anyone else?”

“Sorry, I’ve got a biology project to finish.”

Mike startled next to him, “shit, I completely forgot about that,” he groaned, reaching for another baby carrot.

“I’m sure you could ask Mr Sv–“

“Why don’t you let Stan help you out?” Richie interjected quickly, pinching at Stan’s side.

He shot Richie a quick but potent glare, and the asshole feigned innocence about as well as he feigned heterosexuality during middle school.

Stan got the drift, though, and quickly turned back to Mike. “We could probably get it done over the weekend.”

Mike grinned widely, and *oh* how that made Stan’s heart do flips, he threw an arm around him.

“God, you’re a lifesaver.”

He hoped, no, prayed, that any sort of discomfort that may be on his face could be construed for just a dislike of touch, because Stan really didn’t need anyone putting two-and-two right now.

“I’m sure my dad will be fine with it, since its school related too.”

Richie, the prick, seemed very satisfied with himself. But Stan was already thinking of ways to get back at him.

LOSERS

friday 14:23

boverly : cant believe most of you losers blew me off

trashmouth : oh? i figured that was ben's job

hanscom : RICHIE

gazebo : beep beep asshat

billiam : im just surprised richie actually has a job

trashmouth : and what does that fucking mean, billothy

gazebo : in fairness, you're basically getting paid to read and talk about comics

trashmouth : and what about it

boverly : its your loss anyway

boverly : gonna have a spa day with me and my boys

trashmouth : oh my god im missing out on eddie in a face mask???

trashmouth : is it worth getting fired just to see that? scientists are still deciding

gazebo : it absolutely isn't you asshole

trashmouth : true

trashmouth : gotta hustle if im gonna wine and dine you like you deserve eds

gazebo : not my fucking name, asshole

Stan : You guys are in class. Please focus.

boverly : i like the tough love approach, stan

trashmouth : you taking notes, ben?

hanscome : Beep fuckin Beep, rich

Stan : I know for a fact I'm the only one who has study hall right now.

Stan : Focus.

trashmouth : yessir

Notes for the Chapter:

richie and stan are 100% the type to tease each other relentlessly about the people they like thanks for coming to my ted talk

3. richie knows One (1) adjective

LOSERS

friday 19:33

boverly : family photo

boverly : *selfcare.jpeg*

[desc. a picture of bev, ben and eddie, they have minty green face clay on, bev's arm is over eddie's shoulder and she's holding a peace sign, eddie's wearing a cucumber over his eyes, ben is smiling at the both of them]

billiam : wow i love my parents

farm dad : good ol' heart eyes hanscom

hanscom : cant help it can i

gazebo : he made it his wallpaper

hanscom : richie come get ur mans

trashmouth : dont you think i would if i could???

trashmouth : things he did!!! that!!!!

gazebo : im going to slash your fucking tires

trashmouth : doesn't change the fact that you're cute cute cute!

private chat between Idiot and stan the man

stan the man : You're really just throwing subtlety out the window.

Idiot : a man can only have so much resistance, stanny boy

Idiot : hows things with mikey owO

stan the man : he wants to let me finish mine off first so he's coming around tomorrow morning instead

Idiot : get you a man who'll let you finish first

stan the man : Richie.

LOSERS

boverly : you should see the scowl thats on his face right now

gazebos : i need new friends

trashmouth : stop reminding me im not there!!!

gazebos : do your job, richard

trashmouth : okokok gettin back on my grind

farm dad : peace is restored

Stan : You're not off the hook either.

farm dad : *sweats*

gazebos : stan's the dad we all deserve

Stan : Well, I seem to care more about your grades than you guys do

so perhaps that is accurate.

hanscom : damn stan

Stan : Sorry, that came off harsher than I wanted it to.

farm dad : you okay, man?

Stan : I don't really know, I just want to see you guys do well.

boverly : aww stan thats really sweet

trashmouth : fuck you ur gonna make me cry at work

private chat between stan <3 and Mike

stan <3 : Sorry again if I came off as rude earlier.

Mike : no!! not at all - i get where you're coming from completely

Mike : is everything okay?

stan < 3 : It's just family stuff.

Mike : aww that sucks :(do you wanna talk about it tomorrow

stan < 3 : Is this just an excuse for you not to work on your project?

Mike : fuck off no, i wanna make sure you're okay

stan < 3 : We can talk over lunch.

Mike : :D

LOSERS

friday 23:39

trashmouth : any hussies down to clown??

billiam : richie what the fuck did you just say

trashmouth : i'm bored and i dont wanna go home right now

gazebo : rich it's pitch black out and cold

trashmouth : guess i gotta ask your mom to warm me up

gazebos : beep beep fucker

gazebos : but srsly please go home i dont want you to get sick

trashmouth : aw okk im goin

boverly : aw, eddie's cute when he mother hens

gazebos : he's just gonna whine about a cold for three days otherwise

gazebos : i'm doing it for all of us

trashmouth : plus, i'd be extra annoying with my nose all blocked up

gazebos : see he gets it

trashmouth : hows ur spa night goin??

boverly : ben fell asleep and eddie and i are watching ten things i

hate about you

gazebo : *domestic.jpeg*

[desc. ben and bev curled up together on the couch, ben is basically lying completely over her, head tucked under her chin, bev is playing with his hair]

Stan : That is nauseatingly sweet.

boverly : EDDIE

trashmouth : isn't 10 things i hate about you the one you keep bugging me to see

trashmouth : apparently i resemble the guy

private chat between momther and snon

snon : FUCK I DO NOT REMEMBER TELLING HIM THAT

momther : OHHHH KARMA IS A WONDROUS THING

LOSERS

gazebo : you wish you were that cool

boverly : huh idk i kinda see it

boverly : lovable dork and a testy bookworm?

farm dad : sounds familiar

Stan : Indeed.

trashmouth : im not as cute as heath ledger anyways

farm dad : damn can we get an f in chat?

boverly : [f]

hanscom : [f]

billiam : [f]

Stam : [f]

gazebo : idk i think you could take him

Richie beamed, warmth rising to his cheeks. He knew it was pathetic, hell, it was incredibly pathetic, but who the hell was gonna judge him for it? Well, the losers for starters, especially tan, but he was a sap in his own way. Then there was the whole ‘town 15 years behind everywhere else’ deal. They’d been getting slurs thrown their way since it was just the four of them. Richie was able to brush most of it off, especially now that he was in high school, surrounded by a bunch of other sad losers.

He was still smiling as he ran up the cobblestone stairs leading up to his front door and fiddled the key around in the lock for a moment before the door swung open.

Eds just had him feelin’ some sorta way...

“That you, baby?” His mother called out from the kitchen, words slurred ever so slightly. Richie didn’t mind, she’d probably had a very long week.

“No mom, it’s Freddy Cougar,” he replied, swinging around on the doorframe.

She sighed, swivelling around on the barstool to give him that classic ‘exasperated mother’ look, but she was smiling. “You know that’s not his name. What took you so long to get home?” She patted the space next to her, Richie indulged her.

“Covered for one of the other kids, then went around for a walk.” It was brief, and it would suffice. “Wentworth home?”

“No,” another sigh and another sip of wine, “he’s at a gala in Portland.”

“A whole gala full of dentists?” Richie snorted, “sounds like a riot.”

Maggie hummed, slowly working her hand through Richie’s mess of curls. He instinctively rested his head on her shoulder, even if the height difference left the interaction somewhat strained. He’d stay there for the rest if he could.

She broke the silence after a moment, voice soft and gentle, “got homework?”

He nodded against her, taking that as his cue to leave. His mom kissed his temple and took another sip from her glass.

“Love you,”

“Love you too.”

Things were in the Tozier house could get complicated sometimes. Maggie had her struggles, but she was the kindest lush in the neighbourhood. On her better days Richie loved having her around, even if all they did was watch shitty Italian soap operas because the remote was broken. Wentworth, on the other hand, was withdrawn. Richie didn't see a lot of him. He was more 'put together' than his wife but had basically zero parenting skills. He could be cold, but had a biting sense of humour.

It wasn't as bad as Eddie or the other losers worried it was. Besides, compared to some of their home lives, he was living the dream.

Richie had just closed the door to his room when his phone buzzed, and speaking of the devil...

“Spagedward! How are ya?” He asked in a choice mobster impression, he could hear Eddie's groan in response through the phone.

“Jesus, dickwad, I don't get one word in and you've already made me regret calling.”

Richie flopped down onto his bed, keeping the phone by his ear, “what can I say, I'm excited to hear from ya, what can I say?”

Eddie took a moment before speaking again, “you make it home

okay?” He was quiet, and Richie knew that meant sincerity.

Part of Richie wanted to poke fun, but he settled on an equally genuine answer, “yeah, I’m good... thanks for checking up on me.”

“Good,” and Richie knew he was smiling, “okay, I have to go or my mom’s gonna blow her lid.”

“Bye, Eds.”

There was a breath of a laugh over the line, Richie’s stomach twisted. “Night, Rich.” *Click.*

4. bill has the group braincell today

LOSERS

saturday 10:41 am

farm dad : rise and grind gamers

farm dad : and by that i specifically mean stan

Stan : Hold on, I'm coming down now.

trashmouth : someone's an eager beaver

farm dad : richie assigned fursona

gazebos : CHRIST

boverly : MIKE

farm dad : also ye i really need this assignment done

farm dad : plus a weekend full of my man stan? Bonus

private chat between Idiot and stan the man

stan the man : I'm going to explode.

Idiot : god he really just..... Did that.

stan the man : Richie I actually might not make it out of this alive.

Idiot : you'll be fine bucko

Idiot : i am about to make your life harder though

LOSERS

trashmouth : how come you let mike call you that but not me :[

Stan : I find you detestable, thats why.

trashmouth : damb,,,,,,,,,,,,, it rlly b ur own peepole

billiam : you made him sad!!!

Stan : Perish, as they say.

gazebo : SKJGWLLF

farm dad : GO OFF??

boverly : GET SCALPED I GUESS

trashmouth : i cant even respond stan that was fucking iconic

gazebo : love waking up to see richie getting put in his place

trashmouth : didn't realise that was your thing, eds

gazebo : you are so fucking gross, riche

boverly : wait for it

billiam : i'm on the edge of my seat

gazebo : and don't fucking call me eds!

trashmouth : there he is

only stable family unit

hanscom : *heblush.jpeg*

boverly : JFWKSKDFJL

[desc. eddie, sat down at a counter with his head resting on the counter, arms crossed over so only the top part of his face can be seen, but it's easy to tell he's blushing]

gazebos : HEY UHHH DIE??

hanscom : sorry, couldn't resist

boverly : absolutely ! head ! over ! heels !

hascom : it's endearing eddie, really

gazebos : get back to work, cream boy

hanscom : hm, that's a new one

gazebos : i'm not gonna sit here and take this slander

hanscom : bev our boy's in love

boverly : they grow up so fast :')

gazebos : i hate this fucking family

LOSERS

trashmouth : hhhh someone come talk to me i'm incredibly bored

gazebos : what is it with you guys and sucking at your jobs

hanscom : whoa ok

hanscom : you're really gonna compare me to richie here?

gazebos : you know what you did to deserve this

trashmouth : ooo whats the beef

gazebo : dont even ask

trashmouth : please guys im Dying here

trashmouth : NO ONE IS HERE AND I DONT HAVE TO DO THE
DELIVERY RUN UNTIL LIKE FOUR GUEFKGNKRGWIGR GUYS PLS

billiam : hm

billiam : you got wonder woman comics?

trashmouth : billy we have fuckin everything

billiam : ... i am on my way

billiam : i need smthn for audra's bday.....

boverly : oh ye thats soon!!

billiam : <3!

trashmouth : come into my emporium i got comics that haven't even been released yet

billiam : can i bring georgie?

trashmouth : PLEASE DO

It took a while for them to leave the house, because Georgie insisted on doing his laces himself, but they arrived at the comic book store soon enough. Georgie had taken off as soon as they'd pushed through the door, weaving through the shelves and bounding over to the counter, and was met by a grinning Richie.

"Hi Richie!"

"Georgie, my dude!"

Bill watched with a smile as Georgie pushed himself up onto the counter, swinging his legs as he talked Richie's ear off. He couldn't help but snap a photo of the two.

LOSERS

saturday 11:12

billiam : the only person in the world who finds richie funny

billiam : *they.jpeg*

boverly : hi brow humour

Richie's phone pinged, and he let out a 'hey' once he read the message.

"I'm telling Audra you're a bully," he retorted, "speaking of, Casanova, any idea which issue she's lookin' for?"

Bill scratched at the back of his neck, "not really," he said sheepishly.

"W" is at the back, shit from like- sorry Georgie- the 70's onwards."

"Thanks Rich," and he set to work. Georgie came to help him after a few minutes, sitting next to his older brother and passing comments on whether or not Audra would like the comic or not (usually just based on the cover art). A small pile of books started around them, Georgie occasionally flicking through whenever one caught his eye.

Half an hour had passed before Bill felt confident she'd like the selection. It took another hour and a half for Georgie to choose something for himself. Bill watched the kid bounce between Spiderman to Watchmen (which Bill ixnayed almost immediately) and ask Richie about all of them. Richie was just as eager to answer,

seemingly thankful for the energy Georgie brought to the otherwise empty store.

With the first few issues of Wonder Woman : Gods and Monsters and The Amazing Spiderman in hand, the two of them finally went up to pay.

Richie didn't notice them for a second, smiling at something on his phone before snapping back.

Wonder who that could be, Bill thought sardonically to himself, that boy was transparent as hell.

"Ooo," he wiggled his eyebrows, ringing up the comics, "that's considered the best line,"

Bill resisted beaming, "oh yeah?"

"Yep! Audra's gonna love em." Richie plugged his employee discount code in before Bill could object, "just for comin' teh visit," he added in what Bill guessed was an Irish accent. Either way, it made Georgie laugh.

"Thanks, Rich!" He called out as they left.

"Enjoy!"

LOSERS

saturday 13:29

billiam : once again thank u rich ur an actual LIFESAVER

trashmouth : i do what i can

trashmouth : the company was much appreciated too

trashmouth : nice to know at least SOMEONE loves me

gazebo : you act like you're the only one with shit to do today

trashmouth : oh yeah? and what could be more pressing than spending time w papa rich?

gazebo : sticking a fork in a socket, for starters

boverly : and so it begins

hanscom : were we so foolish that we did not believe they'd bicker today?

trashmouth : yowza eds, thats harsh

gazebos : thats what you get for calling yourself 'papa rich' you fucking creeper

gazebos : wait no fuck

billiam : AW MAN

boverly : AW MAN

billiam : AW MAN

hanscom : AW MAN

farm dad : AW MAN

Stan : Aw, man.

farm dad : STAN ILY

Stan : Cool.

private chat between Idiot and stan the man

Idiot : COOL????

stan the man : I PANICKED, OKAY?

Notes for the Chapter:

thank you guys sm for all your lovely comments!!!
they're my crack uwu

5. About To Get Emo

LOSERS

saturday 15:22

trashmouth : i spy

gazebos : no

trashmouth : D:

gazebos : deal with it, paper boy

trashmouth : i was gonna say that a wild StanMike has appeared

trashmouth : *they.jpeg*

[desc. a candid photo of mike and stan walking past the comic book store, talking between themselves]

billiam : richie's about to get got

trashmouth : o fuk ive been Gotted

gazebo : as you deserve

farm dad : cant believe i get front row seats to richie's demise

gazebo : luckyyyy

trashmouth : eddieeeeeee how can you let this happen

trashmouth : this is how you treat your new stepdad???

gazebo : yknow what i might jsut find you and do the job myself

farm dad : jsut

hanscom : jsut

billiam : jsut

boverly : TYPO IN THE GROUP CHAT

trashmouth : FUCKIN GET HIM BOYS

gazebos : wow i cant believe the homophobia in this chat is worse than in my own home

boverly : KDRGRKFKG

billiam : jgskjrhgke i feel bad now D:

trashmouth : sonia wishes she had what we have honestly

gazebos : yea rich you hsould give my mother homophobia lessons

trashmouth : i teach her plenty as is ;]

gazebos : i will remove your spine with a pair of pliers

hanscom : did something happen, eddie?

gazebos : nah just her usual rigamarole

trashmouth : fuckn cuteass using 'rigamarole' in a sentencelike that

Stan : Richie.

boverly : hmmm

trashmouth : i regret nothing

private chat between Idiot and stan the man

Idiot : I HAVE MADE SO MANY MISTAKES EJGBWKWRKGIU I COMPLETELY BLANKED

Stan : this is mike typing, stan is shaking with laughter so cannot get back to you presently, we apologise for the inconvenience

Idiot : NOT THE TIME TO JUDGE, STANLY

—

Mike had never met anyone like Stan. Okay, maybe that was an exaggeration. He knew five people like Stan. Five funny, loyal and caring people...

Addendum: Mike had never met anyone who made him feel the way that Stan did.

He remembered exactly where it ‘happened’, so to speak: They were down at the quarry, Richie was bouncing between annoying both Eddie and Stan, and he’s said something that had made everybody lose it. While Richie was looking very self satisfied, Mike had turned his head ever so slightly and saw Stan. Stan in a fit of laughter; Stan with his eyes shut and head back and curls bouncing and *oh Christ, that was something new.*

Mike new he liked guys before that, but never *a* guy, never anyone really.

Going out for lunch had been his idea, Mike had asked about Stan’s troubles almost as soon as he walked through the door. The house was quiet, such was the norm, and it might just have been because Stan seemed on edge, but there was something unnerving in the air as Stan practically dragged him upstairs.

A morning of solid work left Mike in a much better position and actually meant the two of them could spend some time together without stressing over Mile’s project.

It took everything in him not to link their fingers together every time their hands brushed as they walked, and he was fairly sure Richie saw that something was up when Stan went to into the comic store to yell at him; he’d caught Mike giving him the dopiest look imaginable.

So now, as they were squashed into a tiny cafe as far away from Stan’s house as they could get, with Stan laughing so hard he almost couldn’t stand, Mike realised how completely and royally fucked he was.

“Jesus Christ, he’s so stupid,” Stan finally got out, demeanour changing as he noticed Mike’s gaze hadn’t left him, “sorry,” he looked down.

Shit, Mike thought, snapping himself out of his current train of thought, “no! Sorry, I was just staring into space.” It was shit as far as excuses went, but Stan didn’t call him out for it.

“Do you want anything? I have a feeling this might take a while...” Stan stared down into his lap and worried his lip.

Mike took a seat across from him, they were pretty far back in the cafe, and ducked his head to try and get Stan’s eye, “We’ve got time,” he assured, heart doing backflips as Stan offered him a soft smile.

“Right, I guess we do...”

-

LOSERS

saturday 19:00

boverly : im going to Piss And Shit

gazebo : any particular reason?

boverly : mād

boverly : wehgiuwhkkwfhHHHHH

hanscom : gretta

billiam : oof

trashmouth : oh???

boverly : she just!!!! acts like she can say whatever she wants to someone????

billiam : she once just Broke audra's magnifier because it was shinin light into her eyes

billiam : like????

boverly : ALL i wanted was just to have a cig in peace

trashmouth : you wanna come over and get high?

boverly : someone's been drinking their galaxy brain juice...

trashmouth : owo!!

trashmouth : anyone else wanna get in on this action?

Stan : I'll pass.

hanscom : as fun as that would be my mom's definitely gonna smell that on me and im on thin ice as it is

trashmouth : but i like high ben

farm dad : everyone does

gazebos : ksajdfhkh do you fuckin remember that night ben was just going Off about hemmingway and rich is hyping him up like he was gonna fight the fuckin guy

billiam : HOLY SHIT YEAH

boverly : oh my god i was almost peeing it was so funny

hanscom : i stand by what i said

farm dad : wait should we all get together and hang??

billiam : oml ye!!

trashmouth : dont you have a project to do?

Stan : It's almost done and we have most of tomorrow, so it's okay.

farm dad : s/o to stan again for being the only saintly thing on this bitch of an earth

farm dad : seriously there were so many better things you could have been doing with your day, so thank you <3

farm dad : wait are there saints in Judaism?

Stan : It doesn't matter, that was really nice of you, Mike.

private chat between Idiot pt 2 (bev) and birdy (stan)

birdy : RICHIE, MY FUCKING HEART IS GOING TO GIVE UP.

Idiot pt 2 : uh....

birdy : Fuck.

Idiot pt 2 : JHWK??? ABOU?T????

birdy : Here we go...

Idiot pt 2 : MIKE?????

birdy : Yes, Mike.

Idiot pt 2 : stanny!!! thats so sweet!!!

birdy : Please don't say anything else to the others, Richie's the only other person who knows.

Idiot pt 2 : oh yea oc man

birdy : That means Ben too.

Idiot pt 2 : o,,,oh,,,,, y ye man,,,,,,,,, oc

Idiot pt 2 : im jkn but i do reserve the right to grill you on this for a bit

birdy : I suppose that's only fair.

Idiot pt 2 : when did this start?

birdy : A few months ago.

birdy : Do you remember the night where we all went up to the farm? Mike was wearing this really pretty yellow jumper and he gave me the biggest grin when I walked in.

birdy : That's when I realised.

Idiot pt 2 : WTFF STAN THATS SO SWEET

Idiot pt 2 : are you gonna talk to him about it?

birdy : No...

Idiot pt 2 : stan...

birdy : I'm not going to get my hopes up about this, Bev.

Idiot pt 2 : have some faith, stan!! he could like you back

birdy : Why would he?

Idiot pt 2 : stan???

Idiot pt 2 : you're a total catch??

birdy : I really don't want to talk about this right now.

LOSERS

trashmouth : if we are seshin can i still bring weed?

boverly : i'm counting on it

trashmouth : ok ill bring a little extra in case someone starts feeling crazy

trashmouth : even you, wheezy

gazebos : Bite Me Trashmouth.

6. welcome to the stoners club, asshole

Summary for the Chapter:

they be smokin weed i n this one so heads up

LOSERS

saturday 19:28

gazebo : wait where are we meeting?

farm dad : we could do mine if you guys dont mind the walk

farm dad : i figure you guys could sleep over too

hanscom : ohh Shit ok this is a proper night

boverly : it's been so long since we've properly had one of those!!

trashmouth : who wants a lift?

billiam : i'm gonna do a snack run if y'all wanna pick me up at the corner store??

trashmouth : sounds g

gazebos : you better not have pre-gamed because i am not letting you drive me ANYWHERE with weed in your system

trashmouth : theres so much anxiety in that tiny little body of yours

gazebos : fuck you, assbat

trashmouth : dw eds i'm savin it for mike's, wouldn't wanna hog

trashmouth : stan can i getcha?

Stan : I still need to ask my dad.

private chat between stan <3 and Mike

Mike : is everything okay?

stan <3 : Yes, I told him that it would be easier to work at yours since thats where your notes are.

stan <3 : He seemed to buy it, so I should be good.

Mike : :D

stan <3 : :)

LOSERS

Stan : Yes I would like a lift.

gazebo : uhh can i meet you outside of your house? no fucking way would my mom let me go out if she sees richie's truck waiting outside

Stan : Sonia's not so keen on you riding around in that death trap, then?

boverly : that and the second she sees richie she'd lose it

billiam : she has a point

trashmouth : thats your chauffeur your badmouthing

gazebo : dont text and drive, nimrod

trashmouth : aye aye, eds

—

It was nearly eight by the time the six of them had arrived, the four boys pulling up just as Ben and Bev did.

They were all laughing about something Eddie was saying, the kid's hands were frantically waving around, and the other three were almost doubling over in laughter. Beverly grinned, interlocking her fingers with Ben's and walking to the door with them.

"Ah! Ms Marsh, Mr Hanscom," Richie started in a weird mix of British accents, "you both look dashing."

Bev curtsied, taking the cigarette butt from her mouth and dropping it on the gravel, using the heel of her shoe to extinguish it. She turned to look over at Stan, but he was avoiding her gaze.

She'd press him later, right now, they all needed to unwind.

She followed them through the house, smiling as they gently pushed and shoved. Mike met them up in the lot, a few blankets under his arm. Bev had to cover the grin that sprung on her face when she saw Stan register what's she'd... arranged. He shot her a look. She winked.

"Michelangelo, is this all for us?" Richie slung a gangly arm over Mike's shoulder and patted his chest.

Mike chucked the blankets around a bit before gesturing to the floor. "Take your seats, lets get this night going."

Bev went over to the staircase and hung her bag over the banister, before ducking her head to whisper, "take a chance," to Stan. He shot her a dirty look, but she could see his sharp intake in breath.

"I like your sweater, Mike," it was a little stilted, but Mike didn't seem to notice, just smiled brightly, Stan's cheeks darkened.

Brilliant

-

"You're fucking kidding!"

"B-bev, I wish I was! We lih-literally thought a tyre was guh-gonna pop off,"

They were sat around on Mike's floor in a circle, and Bill was currently in the middle or recounting the near accident they got into on the way over.

"Christ, Tozier, why do you still have that thing?"

Richie, whose fingers were currently working to roll the joint, gasped, “Michael Hanlon! You watch how you talk about her! She’s a veteran!”

“She’s about to fuckin collapse, Rich,” Ben shook his head.

“Beats your fuckin mini cooper,”

“Hey!” Bev cut across, “don’t knock the coop’,” she got a small “thanks, babe,” in her ear, which

Richie waved her off, “you guys are talkin’ a lot of bullshit, y’know, every single one of you has had a breakdown in that car.”

A mumble of ‘thats fair’ drifted through the room.

Eddie leaned forward, “okay, I will say that despite the fact it looks trashed, I do fuckin’ love that car.”

The grin that broke out on Richie’s face upon Eddie’s admission was *choice*.

“That’s juh-just because you g-get shoh-shotgun privileges,” Bill countered, everyone snorting in agreement.

He was about to retort (even though Bill was absolutely right) when Richie, who'd finished rolling, lifted the joint to his lips and fiddled with his lighter, "That's because," he flicked the spark wheel, "he acts the brat when he doesn't."

Eddie looked as if he'd been slapped, snapping his head to look at Richie.

Bev's head tipped back with laughter, and she could feel Ben's chest shaking too. Bill was doubled over.

"The fuck did you just call me?"

"You heard me!"

Stan leaned back, "well, we made it an hour in, that might be a new record," he said, mostly to Mike, who was still chuckling.

Mike leaned down to whisper something to Stan, who nodded, before the both of them stood up.

Eddie was still berating Richie, who was loving every second of it, but Bev saw the way he caught Stan's eye when they passed him.

"Just because I don't wanna sit in your shitty backseat doesn't make

me a fuckin-.”

“Eddie, either take it outside or wait until he’s passed the joint around,” Bev grinned.

Richie chuckled and ruffled Eddie’s hair, handing the joint over to Bill, “Don’t be embarrassed, Eds, I’ve learned to love ya for it.”

“Don’t fuckin call me Eds,” He huffed, but made no effort to move from Richie’s touch.

Bev lifted her eyebrows at him, and he blushed deeper.

The blunt finally reached her, and after giving a hit to Ben (the guy didn’t smoke enough to be able to take one himself, and its not like Bev was complaining about having to shotgun it to him), she took a hit herself.

“Where duh-did Mike and St-Stan go?” Bill straightened after a few minutes.

“Probably somewhere that doesn’t smell of weed,” Eddie offered.

“That really narrows it down.” Richie grinned, receiving a halfhearted attempt at a shove from Eddie, which just ended in them falling closer together.

A floorboard on the staircase creaked, and Stan's head of curls soon came in to vision.

"You find cooler people to hang out with, Uris?" Richie asked, settling back in the beanbag.

"Yep," Stan said, Mike following him into the room closely.

Bev offered the both of them the joint, which Mike leaned down and took, settling down next to Stan and taking a long drag.

She met Stan's eye again, and at the small tug of his lips, she knew.

-

The sun shone in on the seven on them. Bill was tucked away in the corner, legs over Richie's lap and some of Eddie's. The two of them were pressed together, Richie's head falling in the crook of Eddie's neck. Bev smiled at the sight, shifting slightly, heart fluttering as Ben's arm tightened around her. She was curled into his side, head on his chest, hand over his heart.

She could melt.

She pressed a soft kiss to his jaw, smiling as he stirred.

“Morning,” she said, keeping her voice low.

He hummed, rubbing his eye with the heel of his hand, “good morning, we the first ones up?”

She nodded, gesturing to Mike’s bed in the corner of the room, where two vague lumps lay.

Ben smiled, hand rubbing small circles into her back, and Bev decided she could happily stay here forever.

“I could get used to this...” He murmured after a while.

“Waking up in a room smelling of weed?” She asked, feeling him exhale a small chuckle.

“No... waking up next to you.”

Oh, that was a good feeling.

Notes for the Chapter:

some cute moments for everyone :3

also benverly is so underrated i better catch yall
puttin respect on them more :/

7. nya but for real

Summary for the Chapter:

well it took me long enough to get fucking
SHAMELESSLY self indulgent but who's gonna stop
me?

LOSERS

sunday 10:52

billiam : yknow what sucks?

gazebos : richie

trashmouth : eddie's mom ;)

hanscom : the economy

farm dad : clowns

Stan : Richie.

billiam : no

billiam : sleeping upright in your binder

farm dad : OH BOY

boverly : oh fuck BUD hows your body like,,, doing?

billiam : not great!

billiam : i feel like i got hit with a semi what the fuckkkk

trashmouth : can we get an f in chat for billy's ribs?

gazebos : try not to wear it today ok? dont do anything physically demanding either

trashmouth : wise words dr k!!

billiam : thank god its sweater weather

billiam : also audra's over so thats a plus

boverly : oh!! say hi!!!

Stan : Take it easy today, Bill.

billiam : who would win in a fight: a perfectly good set of lungs vs one squeezey boy

trashmouth : good thing you dont have asthma

gazebos : that feels like a dig at me

trashmouth : you dont have fucking asthma either, eds

gazebos : ...

farm dad : and yet you still keep an inhaler for him :/

boverly : FUCKING EXPOSED

gazebos : you do?

trashmouth : no comment, your honour

gazebos : why?

trashmouth : idk like,,,, you used to use it a lot and it made you feel better when you were super panicky

trashmouth : i guess i just keep it around just in case??

gazebos : oh my god???

gazebos : richie i dont even know what to say that so fucking sweet????

billiam : honestly for all we rag on him richie is like genuinely a really good fucking friend??

gazebos : rt rt rt

trashmouth : yeah yeah you fucking saps

trashmouth : im gonkfwSJHFW

hanscom : did he get hit by a car

billiam : that would be ironic

trashmouth : LOOK WHAT I JUST FOUND

trashmouth : *nya.jpeg*

[desc. a tiny black kitten sitting on the pavement, head tilted slightly as richie scratches under its jaw. its fuckin cute y'all]

Stan : OH MY GOD!

gazebos : AAAAAA???

trashmouth : it... it mine.....

billiam : richie it might belong to someone

hanscom : idk,,, it looks super scrawny

trashmouth : i think it has flees

gazebos : HWI WHY ARE YOU STILL TOUCHING IT??

trashmouth : i'm hardly gonna leave him??

trashmouth : ben does derry have a vet?

billiam : almost eighteen years in this town and you dont kno if derry has a fuckin vet?

hanscom : yes it does, but there's a much better one a town away

hanscom : thats were i take ranger

hanscom : but!! you can him a flee bath with some low-intensity dish soap

boverly : idk why but i just fell so much more in love with you

hanscom : ejhjljefljwijfl

trashmouth : benny you fuckin golden boy

trashmouth : *pocketbaby.jpeg*

[desc. the kitten's face poking out of the pocket in richie's shirt,

which looks like a bowling alley carpet]

gazebo : okay that is seriously the cutest fucking thing ever

trashmouth : second to you only

gazebo : die

trashmouth : cant! just became a new dad!

trashmouth : ok eddie fuck i gotta go home and do this can we hang out later??

gazebo : oh ye sure no worries

private chat between momther and snon

snon : :(

momther : you are so GAY

snon : and what about it!!!

snon : i.... miz him.....

momther : IT HAS BEEN LESS THAN TWO HOURS SINCE WE LEFT
MIKES WTF

snon : LISTENNNNNNNN

snon : he was super soft last night... just found out he keeps an
emergency inhaler for me.... he's got a CAT now..... i wanna SEE
him

momther : its ok i gotcha

LOSERS

boverly : eddie why dont you help him out?

trashmouth : :0 !

trashmouth : you wanna? you dont have to touch him until he's
clean?

gazebos : sure ok!!

private chat between momther and snon

snon : thank you for my life...

momther : prosper, my child

-

LOSERS

sunday 14:10

trashmouth : eddie is the only one with rights ive just decided

billiam : richie thats all you ever say

gazebos : shut ur fuck bill

boverly : mom said its MY turn on the rights

gazebos : my mom doesn't give me any rights so :/

boverly : actually rich yea eddie can have the rights today

trashmouth : thats what i've been saying!!!

trashmouth : anyway two things: the cats a girl, and eddie is CUTE

trashmouth : *cutecutecute.jpeg*

[desc. eddie holding the kitten wrapped in a towel. he's smiling.
10/10 pic]

boverly : OH!!

gazebos : richieeeee :(

trashmouth : shush its adorable!!! let me appreciate you

private chat between momther and snon

momther : are you thriving right now

snon : ... maybe

momther : you're welcome

LOSERS

billiam : who's cuter, rich, eddie or the cat

trashmouth : I CANT POSSIBLY ANSWER THAT

farm dad : you must

boverly : why are we pitting two queens against each other

gazebo : guys cmon

Stan : You're just going to get mad if he says it isn't you.

gazebo : STAN

boverly : IM-

hanscom : stan once again taking no prisoners

gazebos : richie if you're typing what i think you're typing im leaving and taking the cat with me

trashmouth : i wasn't gonna say anythin, eds

gazebos : dont fuckin call me that

trashmouth : you'd rather me call you something else? hm?

hanscom : jesus CHRIST this is painful

—

Richie sat, grinning to himself as he read through the messages.

Eddie felt like he needed to justify himself.

"I don't actually care who you find cuter," he mumbled, half sure that Richie couldn't even hear him.

"Yes you do."

“I don’t!” He did.

“You’re adorable, Eds... of course it’s you.”

8. t,,,tender,,,,,

LOSERS

monday 03:30

trashmouth : do you think i'd get in trouble if i bought Cat to school?

LOSERS

monday 6:15

Stan : Two things:

Stan : One, trouble has never stopped you before; two, did you really name your cat 'Cat'?

trashmouth : naw its just her substitute name until i think of smthn

trashmouth : also damn ur so right everyone get ready to meet my child

hanscom : !! i can bring in some food?

trashmouth : benny you're a treasure

gazebo : why were you awake at three??

trashmouth : my brain garbo

boverly : mood

farm dad : mood

billiam : mood

hanscom : damn you guys ok??

trashmouth : idk something about this season makes my brain go crazy a a a go stupid

private chat between angel and DipShit

angel : you wanna talk about anything?

DipShit : aw eds you're a trooper

DipShit : it's nothin that bad just the usual thinkin a mile a minute

angel : ok good - see u at school

LOSERS

monday 07:12

boverly : HUUUUUU RICHIE IS EE YOU?????

boverly : HOLY *FUCK* SHE S SO CUTE!!!

billiam : can you send a pic i wanna show georgie

trashmouth : *killaqueens.jpeg*

[desc. a photo of beverly holding the cat up next to her face, she's smiling wildly]

hanscom : o,,,,, oh,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,

gazebo : how much do you wanna bet he's made that his lockscreen

hanscom : ...

boverly : ben i adore you

billiam : richie!!!! your kitty is so cute!!!!!! i wna meet her!!!! -
georgie

trashmouth : how about i meet you outside the school and you can
say hello?

billiam : :0 - gerogie

billiam : georgie says yes

trashmouth : radical

—

“B-Ben’s here,” Bill announced.

“Bev, kiss your boyfriend for me or I will,” Richie announced as Ben approached them, holding a small Tupperware box full of cat food.

“Beep beep, Rich,” but Beverly didn’t need to be told twice, shuffling from under Eddie’s legs and greeting Ben with open arms.

Eddie was currently lying on one of the bleacher benches, Richie and Bill on the bench below him, dragging the drawstring of his (Richie's) hoodie around as the kitten fumbled with it. She barely weighed anything, even after the load of tuna she was fed the night before. Richie knocked some food into his palm and scooped the kitten off Eddie's chest, balancing her on his wrist as she started to wolf down the food.

Bev beamed, "god, look at her go!"

"Were your parents cool with her, Richie?" Ben asked, sitting down on the lowest bench.

Richie's eyes widened a bit. "Uh..."

Eddie's eyebrows quirked as he pushed himself onto his elbows, "you didn't fucking tell them, did you Trashmouth."

"Listen! If I can get her taken care of and chipped and stuff, that'll show I'm responsible and they'll be more inclined to let me keep her."

Eddie bit down on the inside of his cheek, because Richie was much cuter than he needed to be right now, "they'll be fine with it, Rich," he replied softly.

"I hope so, I love her so much already," Richie smiled down at the tiny thing on his arm, scratching under her neck and earning a tiny

‘mew’ in response. Everyone liked that.

Stan came running up, dragging Mike by the hand but didn’t drop it for a while after they’d reached the bleachers.

“Oh my god, she’s beautiful!” Stan’s eyes were wide as he dropped down next to Richie.

“She’s precious, Rich,” Mike agreed, although was looking at Stan more than he was the cat. *Huh, when did this become a thing?* Eddie thought.

“I know, I’m obsessed with her. You wanna hold her?” He turned to Stan, who nodded furiously. Richie gestured for Stan to take her, and poured the remaining food from his hand

Stan held her to his chest where she comfortably settled, he looked up at the rest of them with a smile. Mike looked like he was about to melt.

“I need your guys help with a name for her.”

“Puh-please, you’ll just pick wah-whatever Eddie wants,” Bill smirked, Eddie softly kicked him with his foot.

“Shut up,” he pouted as Richie responded with “so what if I do, Billiam, maybe I just wanna make you all feel included.”

Eddie blushed, draping an arm over his face so the others wouldn't see.

"Aw, you've embarrassed him now," Richie grinned, poking Eddie's side and promptly getting his hand swatted away.

—

The seven of them, plus Audra, had spent most of lunch sitting on the bleachers, playing with the kitten, so much so that she had completely run herself down. She was with Ben right now, as he'd wanted to ask his bio teacher to look over her for any possible red flags. Both Eddie and Richie had homeroom, which they were both happy to skip in favour of hiding under the bleachers.

"You look wrecked," Eddie said, peaking up at Richie, who's head was leaning against one of the bleacher's support beams. He seemed to be struggling to keep himself awake, and the bags under his eyes seemed especially prominent.

"Now that's not very nice,"

Eddie tapped Richie's shin with his foot. "I mean it, did you sleep at all this weekend?"

"Slept at Mike's,"

It was said like it meant something, but Eddie couldn't really explain why, so he doesn't reply.

"Eddie, I told you I was okay, I forgot to take my meds yesterday and I just couldn't sleep."

Eddie looked down, "sorry."

He felt Richie chuckle next to him, and an arm was draped around his shoulders, "aw Eds, don't be sorry-."

"Do you wanna try and sleep now?" Eddie cut across.

"Under the bleachers?"

Eddie shifted his weight, "I mean, yeah, you shouldn't drive home if you're exhausted, let alone to the next town- not on the floor, dipshit, you can rest on me."

Richie stopped his movement down, and tilted his head, "you sure?"

"Yes, god knows what's on the ground and you don't need to be breathing that shit in. Just c'mere."

Richie followed, resting his head on Eddie's shoulder once he'd tilted

his head some. It felt... weirdly intimate. It was not as though they were never physical with one another. Back when they were kids, Richie was the only loser who ignored Sonia's warnings and didn't treat Eddie as if he'd break with the slightest touch. He'd tackle him, toss him around, dunk his head underwater, whatever he pleased, really. They'd push and shove and wrestle, much to the chagrin of Bill and Stan. Nothing had really changed, except Richie would be more inclined to leave his hands where they landed, or just drape himself over Eddie whenever he wanted. Eddie pretended it bothered him, but he never quite had it in him to push Richie away.

This felt more vulnerable. Every now and again, when it was just the two of them, they'd have moments like this. Moments of fleeting fragility that neither one quite wanted to bring up for fear of shattering whatever it was. Eddie's shoulder dipped slightly as Richie relaxed on his shoulder, their bodies pressed together, and hands so painfully close it took everything in Eddie not to take it and never let go. Richie's curls tickled the skin on his neck and the side of his face as Eddie rests his head against Richie's.

"This is gonna be an interesting one to explain," Richie's voice was muffled.

"I'll keep watch, don't worry."

—

LOSERS

monday 15:05

boverly : *tender.jpeg*

[desc. eddie and richie taken from slightly afar, they're underneath the bleachers, both fast asleep. Richie's head is on Eddie's shoulder and his hand is over Eddie's]

boverly : i dont wanna wake em up oml

farm dad : THATS SO CUTE WHAT THE FUCK??

Stan : Bev, Eddie's going to kill you.

boverly : let him try

billiam : that is genuinely so adorable oh my GOD

boverly : FUCK EDDIE'S UP

gazebos : READY TO MEET GOD, BEVERLY?

farm dad : mr obama its been an honour

trashmouth : aww eds we look so cute!

gazebo : dont fuckin call me that

9. now thats what i call Oldest Sibling Guilt Complex

Summary for the Chapter:

richie and bill : *exist*

me, about to project : its free real estate

private chat between *Idiot* and *stan the man*

Idiot : so

Idiot : are we gonna talk about it?

stan the man : I'm sure I don't know what you mean.

Idiot : okay fine you coy motherfucker

Idiot : YOU AND MIKE

stan the man : Oh? That?

Idiot : god you little shit

Idiot : dont think i missed your hand holding, mister

Idiot : start. talking,

stan the man : Okay fine.

stan the man : Nothing's been set in stone but he basically told me he liked me Saturday night and I told him I liked him too.

Idiot : YEAH BUD!!!!

stan the man : Richie he was so sweet about it and so comforting when talking about my dad and today he walked me to school and akjsfkajhakgh

Idiot : god it must be serious

stan the man : :)

Idiot : AN EMOTICON AND ALL??

stan the man : Oh, just one thing,

stan the man : Bev is the only other person who knows, so if you could keep this quiet until we figure some things out that would be

good.

Idiot : oh my god yea oc - whenever i feel the need to insensately tease you i'll just dm her :)

stan the man : I guess that'll do

Idiot : oh

Idiot : do i have to give him the shovel talk now?

stan the man : Holy fuck, I am begging you not to.

Idiot : ... then beg

stan the man : I just sighed so loud my mom heard.

Idiot : hey stan?

stan the man : Yeah?

Idiot : im fuckin proud of you man

stan the man : Thanks, Richie, but I genuinely wouldn't have been able to do this without you.

Idiot : AAA FR???

stan the man : Of course, you've helped me so much.

stan the man : I love you, Rich.

Idiot : dhfakjhdf i love you too man???

Idiot : last question

stan the man : Are you going to say something obscene to clear the weird energy?

Idiot : oh of course

stan the man : Let's hear it, then.

Idiot : you jump his bones yet?

stan the man : I'm working on it.

Idiot : AYOOO

—

LOSERS

monday 23:52

billiam : do you guys fucking remember that one summer where derry literally had a fucking clown problem????

boverly : good FUCK yes i do

farm dad : how could i forget

Stan : Unfortunately, yes.

gazebo : it was like a rat infestation except it was one smelly bitch

farm dad : what a fucking treat to be walking home from school and this fucking HAND just comes out and beckons you from the sewer

billiam : AKSJDFH THAT HAPPENED TO YOU TOO???

farm dad : YES I NEARLY SHIT MY PANTS

hanscom : did we all have a run in with that clown???

trashmouth : i mean, eddie has been living with it for 17 years

gazebo : beep beep but i mean you're not wrong

gazebo : hhhh i remember walking past that Awful Fucking House on Niebolt St and seeing it just fucking Standing there

Stan : It was just in the temple.

farm dad : JKSDHF????

Stan : I know!?

Stan : Like in my dad's office, behind a locked door.

Stan : God, I had to sleep with the lights on for months after that.

hanscom : it chased me through the basement of the library

boverly : WHAT THE FUCK YOU NEVER TOLD ME THAT????

hanscom : I THOUGHT I WAS PROPERLY LOSING IT

farm dad : bev didn't it break into your house????

boverly : CHRIST i dont even wanna think about that

billiam : that was the summer where every fucking adult in derry lost all their braincells and the kids basically went 'guess i'll die then'

boverly : on GOD

gazebos : what about you, rich?

trashmouth : hm?

boverly : you get clowned down?

trashmouth : im always getting clowned down

farm dad : f

trashmouth : cheers, mikey

trashmouth : also yea ykno that giant paul bunion statue in the park?

trashmouth : the motherfucker had Scaled that

gazebo : dfjadshf that makes me feel so uncomfy how did you not die right then and there

trashmouth : wanna know the worst part?

hanscom : idk if we do,,,,

boverly : THERES A WORSE PART??

trashmouth : oh yeah

trashmouth : i think it had been following me? it started talking about shit that happened to me before and good GOD

Stan : Holy fucking shit.

gazebo : oh my god???

hanscom : i literally just locked my door hhhhh

farm dad : how did baby us survive that shit??

gazebo : we're gay and it wouldn't be narratively rewarding if we were killed off

farm dad : you make an amazing point

Stan : RIP to the hets but we're different :/

farm dad : KJSHDFKJSK

billiam : hhhhh

billiam : ok but seriously though i feel like thats a Heaping Load of unresolved trauma for all of us

billiam : like i was thinking about it while richie and i walked georgie home

billiam : i legit thought i'd lost him??

boverly : we all did

Stan : That was probably the worst week of my life, I can't imagine what it must have felt like for you, Bill.

billiam : you guys were the only reason i got through that, so thank you - for everything

farm dad : i would have searched that sewer for a month if we needed too

gazebo : seconded

trashmouth : thirded

Stan : Absolutely.

billiam : sorry guys you absolutely dont need this right now

boverly : bill you can talk about this with us

billiam : just

billiam : if i had just been a little more careful i wouldn't have lost him in the first place

Stan : You can't blame yourself, Bill, you had no idea what was going to happen.

trashmouth : bill you held that boys hand every time he crossed the road, you made sure he was dressed for the weather, you never gave him shit for needing help with his homework

trashmouth : you are the best big brother a kid could ask for

gazebo : bill that kid thinks the world of you

farm dad : we all do

hanscom : you didn't do a single thing wrong. what happened was awful, but you tore this town apart to make things right. you saved him, bill

billiam : you guys never left my side, i think i might have fallen apart

if you guys weren't there

Stan : Go give Georgie a hug from all of us.

—

Sound advice, Bill thought to himself.

He knew Georgie probably wouldn't want to be woken up at almost midnight, but Bill was feeling especially selfish that night. He sniffled and wiped his eyes, padding across his carpeted floor and into the hallway.

The mementos that covered the walls had hung over him like a black cloud that summer, seeing Georgie's bright and beaming smile spread across his cheeks had torn through Bill's heart every morning. It got so bad that he'd learned to make it to the staircase with his eyes shut, lest his eyes fall on one of the photos.

Georgie's door was cracked open, the soft green glow of his nightlight shining on the wall. Bill swallowed, and gently pushed the door open further, slipping inside as quiet as he could. Asleep under the mound of duvet was Georgie, softly snoring. Bill worried on his lip before dropping down next to the bed.

"Guh-Guh-Georgie," he whispered, shaking his brother slightly.

“Mph?”

“C-can you w-wuh-wake up a s-s-econd?”

Georgie’s eyes slowly blinked open, a frown on his face.

“Billy...” He whined, propping himself up on an elbow, “have you been crying?” He leaned forward, poking at Bill’s wet cheek.

“I’m suh-sorry I got you h-hurt.” Bill’s voice was barely audible.

He could see Georgie frowning in the dark, “You rescued me, though...”

“G-georgie you sh-sh-should have n-never b-b-been down there in the fuh-first place, not on-n your own.” He finally broke.

“Billy,” Georgie whispered, wrapping his arms around his big brother’s neck and pulling him close, not minding that Bill was full on sobbing into his shirt.

“Can you stay in here tonight?” Georgie asked softly, hugging Bill a little tighter when he felt him nod into his shoulder. He scooted over on the bed, pulling the duvet back so Bill could shuffle in. His legs fully hung off the bed frame, so he had to scrunch up to fit.

“Goodnight, Billy.”

“Night, Georgie.”

Notes for the Chapter:

i was reading through the other chapters and there are so many little mistakes uhhhh i apologise

anyway, here's this

10. peculiar vibes

Summary for the Chapter:

calm before the storm.....

((also a little time skip))

LOSERS

friday 07:14

*boverly has changed their display name to **caffeine queen***

caffeine queen : I HAVE HAD TWO LARGE ICED COFFEES IN THE SPAN OF HALF AN HOUR

caffeine queen : I FEAR NO MAN AND NO MAN'S GOD

billiam : its true i watched her drink both of them

gazebo : watch bev fully just Give herself a panic attack

billiam : i think she's sailed past panic and has now entered full on Feral

caffeine queen : I AM VIBRATING WITH ENERGY

caffeine queen : I AM UNINTERPRETABLE!!! I AM UNFATHOMABLE!!! DO NOT EVEN FUCKING TRY AND FUCKING COMPREHEND ME

hanscom : beverly, i love you so much, but what the fuck

caffeine queen : VVVVVVVVVV

trashmouth : I AM LOVING THIS ENERGY

caffeine queen : YEAH!!!!

farm dad : the second these two collide on campus the earth will split open

hanscom : the final vibe check...

farm dad : HHHHHH

gazebo : cant wait for the ground to finally take me

trashmouth : kinky

gazebo : think before you fucking speak, richard

caffeine queen : do i care that i'm inevitably gonna crash as soon as second period starts? no

caffeine queen : regret is for pussies and foresight is for adults

caffeine queen : i am neither so lets fucking get it

farm dad : beverly really said 'if i had frequent panic attacks, i simply wouldn't' and honestly? vibes

Stan : Mike, what the fuck does that mean?

farm dad : honestly? watch your vibes when you speak to me

Stan : Last time I checked you quite liked my vibes.

farm dad : ...i will neither confirm or deny that statement

billiam : what is happening???

gazebo : no clue

caffeine queen : HEY I SEE RICHIE LETS FUCKING GOOOOO

trashmouth : YOOOOOOO

hanscom : so it begins

private chat between *stan* <3 and *Mike* <3

Mike <3 : i do really like your vibes

stan <3 : I like your vibes too.

Mike <3 : wow we're great at this

stan <3 : Yup, really nailing this whole 'romance' thing.

Mike <3 : cute sweater btw

stan <3 : Stop making me blush...

Mike <3 : can't help it!! you're cute as fuck

stan <3 : You're starting to sound like Richie...

Mike <3 : D:

—

LOSERS

friday 11:28

caffeine queen : ghmsfkjg so many regrets

caffeine queen : my vibes? thoroughly checked

trashmouth : such is the way it be in hollywood

caffeine queen : im afraid it do be

gazebos : beverly drink water

gazebos : richie pay attention

trashmouth : you're right next to me????

trashmouth : THE LITTLE SHIT KICKED ME

billiam : the romance.....

gazebo : shut ur fuck, billy

farm dad : how are you two getting away with texting in class

trashmouth : we're watchin a documentary that i haven't been following for the past uhhhhhhh half an hour???

gazebo : i'll give you the cliffnotes version later

trashmouth : thank u m'eddie

gazebo : actually? perish

trashmouth : noooooo eddie

gazebo : ... put ur phone down and i'll see what i can do

trashmouth : aye aye

Stan : *assholes.jpeg*

[*desc. richie and eddie sitting at a desk, pressed unnecessarily close together*]

billiam : clown shit

caffeine queen : cue the haunting sounds of circus music playing in the background

Stan : That's just your inner monologue, Bev.

caffeine queen : HZZKK

hanscom : i mean he's right but he shouldn't say it

caffeine queen : BABE

private chat between *january embers* (Bev) and *LOML!!!* (Ben)

january embers : babe do you thinkn Langers would b madd if i
just,,,,, napped rn

LOML!!! : definitely???

january embers : hsbdjvhwbf

LOML!!! : i'm passing by ur locker rn do you want me to grab your
water bottle?

january embers : !!! yes pls !!!

LOML!!! : <3

january embers : <3 x 100000000

—

LOSERS

friday 13:50

gazebo : NEXT BITCH WHO TAKES A CANDID PHOTO OF ME IS
GETTING ICED IDC

trashmouth saved a photo to their camera roll

caffeine queen : JSDZGJLH

trashmouth : WAIT SINCE FUCKING WHEN DID IT START GIVING ALERTS???

Stan : I have no fucking words.

trashmouth : I CANT LOVE AND APPRECIATE MY FRIENDS, STAN?

gazebos : richie shut up stan take another picture and i will seize your rights

Stan : Get your own rights.

billiam : if you cant get homemade rights, store bought is fine.

farm dad : spare some change for some rights, sir?

hanscom : are you guys okay??

caffeine queen : thats gonna be a no from me, captain

hanscom : understandable have a nice day

trashmouth : HKJEGH ok fuck it you guys wanna skip last period and like fuck about before me and ben go to work?

Stan : I have study hall so why not.

farm dad : damn someone's feeling rebellious

private chat between *stan* <3 and *Mike* <3

stan <3 : Are you going to skip?

Mike <3 : yeah probably

stan <3 : Good, I want to see you.

Mike <3 : !!!!!

LOSERS

gazebos : ye i'm down

hanscom : you guys wanna hang at the parlour?

billiam : oml yeah i love that place

trashmouth : do we get friend discounts?

hanscom : uh.... i'll try?

caffeine queen : RICH STOP HES TO SWEET TO SAY NO

trashmouth : ADJ BEN SORRY I WAS KIDDIN

hanscom : *sweats*

billiam : who would win in a fight: the most functional bi or Anxiety

hanscom : its funny because its 50/50

hanscom : anyway so are you guys coming?

gazebo : im literally already outside lets goooo

—

private chat between *Big Bill* (Bill) and *little* (Eddie)

Big Bill : are stan and mike together??

little : adsfladsj i was just thinking??? maybe??

Big Bill : LIKE???

Big Bill : im like 90% sure that he's wearing mike's sweater today like it looks too big to be his???

little : YEAH AND HE JUST SEEMS MORE LIKE

little : TOUCHY???

little : like at the parlour they were basically sitting on top of each other

Big Bill : RIGHT???

little : we should investigate

little : in the most respectful way possible.

Big Bill : deal.

Big Bill : you grill richie

little : wait why

Big Bill : i figure stan would have told him first?

little : no i mean why cant you do it?

Big Bill : because he can't tell you no???

little : literally what the fuck is up with you and saying that

Big Bill : its true??

little : its not!!

Big Bill : eddie

little : this is supposed to be about mike and stan leave Me alone

Big Bill : i strike a nerve or something :3

little : shuuuuutttt itttttttttt

Big Bill : dw its cute

little : >:(

Big Bill : he angory

little : i will Destroy you

Notes for the Chapter:

add bev to the list of characters im shamelessly projecting onto!!! i wont stop until ive kinned them all!!!!

just wanna say thank you so much for all your wonderful comments??? they make me smile so hard i love reading them <3

11. the boys yearning, bill

private chat between *angel <3* and *DipShit*

saturday 00:12

angel <3 : richie

angel <3 : richie

angel <3 : richieeeee

angel <3 : richie richie richie

angel <3 : ik ur not sleeping u lil shit answer me :p

DipShit : ur so damn cute eds!!!

angel <3 : shut uppp

DipShit : be clam, for i am here

angel <3 : dont call me that

angel <3 : anyway i have somethn important to ask

DipShit : better make it quick or mrs k is gonna get cranky ;]

angel <3 : literally shut up!!!!!!!

DipShit : not my fault she starts to miss my wang so quickly

angel <3 : ykno im just gonna go ask bev

DipShit : noo eddie im just yankin ya chain

DipShit : whats up?

angel <3 : are mike and stan acting weird to you

DipShit : no?

angel <3 : are you sure???

angel <3 : coz bill and i think they're like..... together?

DipShit : haha what why?

private chat between *Idiot* and *stan the man*

Idiot : HEY UHHHH STAN HOP OF MIKE FOR A SECOND

stan the man : Shut the fuck up.

Idiot : oh shit was i right owO

stan the man : No, jackass.

Idiot : whatever we uhh KINDA GOT A PROBLEM?

Idiot : *screenshot.jpeg*

stan the man : God, both of them??

Idiot : apparently??

stan the man : Fuck, of course Bill would send Eddie to you.

Idiot : which is where we're struggling coz oc im not gonna say anything but i dont wanna lie to himmmmm :(

Idiot : i mean its bros before hoes but god at what cost

stan the man : You don't have to lie about it, Richie, just don't... tell him.

Idiot : okok i gotcha

stan the man : I'm sorry, I don't mean to put you in a tough spot but I also don't want to fuck this up and do things before we're completely ready.

Idiot : its okay, stan the man, i'll just do what i do best and play dumb ;)

private chat between *angel <3* and *DipShit*

angel <3 : idk they just seem a lot more touchy? like they were holding hands on monday and stan was like Definitely wearing mike's sweater this week???

DipShit : well we do that shit all the time and we're not dating

angel < 3 : oh

angel < 3 : yeah

angel < 3 : good point

angel < 3 : sorry, didn't mean to grill you

DipShit : no sweats, eds

angel < 3 : stop fucking calling me that

DipShit : aw you love me

DipShit : wow not even a 'no i dont asshole'?

DipShit : i know you're reading theseeeee

DipShit : you fall asleep or smthn?

DipShit : probably....

DipShit : its ok i gotta get back to your mom anyway

DipShit : damn not even that got you....

DipShit : night eds

private chat between *Big Bill* and *little*

little : *screenshot.jpeg*

little : there u have it ig

Big Bill : you ok?

little : ya why wouldn't i be?

Big Bill : you seemed like

Big Bill : put out by what richie said

little : its nothing

Big Bill : eddie

little : god fuck ok fine yes

Big Bill : called it

little : i mean its not like i dont know we're not a thing but it just hurts to get reminded lmao bcoz u kno im like

little : stupid fuckin into him

Big Bill : oh eddie im sorry

little : no no no its fine seriously

little : m just bein sensitive like seriously its fine

Big Bill : are you gonna talk to him about it?

little : coz that'd go well

little : 'hey rich for no reason at all can you stop reminding me we're just friends? thanks bud'

Big Bill : im serious!!

little : bill please i'll literally die if i think about this too much im just gonna go to sleep and forget about it

Big Bill : unhealthy coping mechanism but go off....

Big Bill : im here if you need to talk about it

little : thanks

little : night bill

—

trashmouth has created a group chat between ***trashmouth***, ***Stan***, and ***farm dad***

trashmouth has named the group chat i have a right to this

saturday 17:03

trashmouth : rise and fucking shine, dipshits

Stan : Are you okay?

trashmouth : its relative

Stan : That doesn't make sense.

trashmouth : i digress

trashmouth : wait i should huhsfehfh

***trashmouth* has added *caffeine queen* to i have a right to this**

caffeine queen : ???

trashmouth : i have gathered you here today to discuss todays proceedings

trashmouth : stan, mike

trashmouth : where are we

caffeine queen : oh indeed!!!

Stan : Is this really something we need to do now?

trashmouth : yes!!! i had to lie to eddie and i feel like shit!!!

farm dad : oh shit richie im sorry

caffeine queen : is he mad at you?

trashmouth : i think??

trashmouth : he didn't kicked off about my dumb good night texts even tho i kNOW he's seen them and barely talked to me all day!!!!

Stan : Fuck, Richie, I'm so sorry...

trashmouth : nono im just freaking out i skfjskfsajkjghaerhgn

trashmouth : just need to know how much longer i gotta play dumb

farm dad : can we talk about it for a sec?

trashmouth : yeyeyeyeyeyeye

Stan : I'll call you.

caffeine queen : rich are you okay??

trashmouth : NO i feel bad i dont like upsetting him

caffeine queen : are you sure he's upset?

trashmouth : *screenshot.jpeg*

caffeine queen : ohhh richie

trashmouth : I KNOW I FUCKED UP

caffeine queen : do you want me to talk to him?

trashmouth : yes but dont tell him i'm freaking out

private chat between *momther* and *snon*

momther : are you okay, eddie?

snon : peachy, why?

momther : richie thinks you're mad at him

snon : why would i be

momther : because you're so deeply, deeply repressed

snon : did bill tell you?

momther : did you tell bill??

snon : ugh its complicated but basically bill figured it out and /we/ were trying to figure out if stan and mike were like a thing and uhhh the rest is history

momther : well he's freaking out because you're ignoring him

snon : fuckkkkk

snon : i know im being horrible and selfish but if i talk to him hes gonna know something's up and then what???

momther : eddie breathe

momther : this isn't going to just go away on its own

momther : richie is really torn up about it

snon : ughhhhh why does he choose now to be observant why cant it ever be when im at my prime

momther : he's always observant when it comes to you

snon : ...i know

snon : god im being so stupid

momther : talk to him!!!

LOSERS

saturday 18:21

Stan : I guess this is fucking happening now.

Notes for the Chapter:

richie : im gonna play dumb

richie : *does the dumbest fucking thing*

12. they're so dumb guys idk what to tell you

Summary for the Chapter:

conflicts get 'resolved' and eddie doesn't know what to do with his feelings

LOSERS

saturday 18:21

Stan : Morning everyone...

hanscom : this isn't ominous at all

billiam : stan are you okay?

Stan : Ask me again in about two minutes.

Stan : Seriously though, I (somewhat) apologise for the dramatics but seeing as this is important I figure I might as well add a little bit of panache to it.

gazebo : flawless execution so far, stan

Stan : Thanks, Eddie.

Stan : So basically, me and Mike are a thing. Some of you might have guessed, some of you already know, I don't really know how to finish this off so... any questions?

farm dad : not exactly how you said you were gonna do it but i cant complain <3

hanscom : awe thats so sweet!! guys congrats!!!

billiam : FUCKING CALLING THESE SHOTS

billiam : im 2 for 2 now

billiam : but seriously im really happy for the both of you y'all are mad cute

farm dad : i agree

trashmouth : 2 for 2?

gazebo : *knife sound*

billiam : okok fair enough i can take a hint

gazebo : but yea im really happy for you both!!

farm dad : thanks eddie

caffeine queen : october really is pride month two electric boogaloo

trashmouth : just like pride month one, except now ben gets to drink pumpkin spice lattes shamelessly

hanscom : THEY TASTE GOOD RICHIE WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY

caffeine queen : SFHKHFSKJ

billiam : Ben Loses His Shit

farm dad : *always sunny music plays*

trashmouth : beverly im glad you can still love ben despite his shitty taste in coffee

caffeine queen : that two month old instant shit hardly fucking counts as coffee rich

caffeine queen : also it makes his mouth taste Great so go fuck yourself

hanscom : hbbbkjdkskjgdt bev.....

caffeine queen : i love you AND your basic taste in coffee ben

hanscom : DGKJHDADKJHGAF < 3

trashmouth : absolutely NAUSEATING

Stan : Agreed.

trashmouth : you have no fucking leg to stand on, uris, i've had this shit from you too

farm dad : definitely gonna pry into That later

trashmouth : im crawling with receipts, mikey, ask and ye shall fuckin receive

Stan : Never has there been a worse instance of betrayal.

caffeine queen : honestly wbk stan was a sap

Stan : My reputation... up in smoke.

farm dad : nah we've known you too long to think you were anything but a softy

trashmouth : there's gooey caramel under that hard boiled candy exterior

Stan : Richie, everything nice I've ever said about you, I take back.

trashmouth : thats not legally binding

billiam : me wearing my binder for more than the eight hour max recommended

farm dad : hZK

hanscom : bill: why cant i breath?

hanscom : also bill: *does that*

billiam : dumb bitch juice flows through my veins

caffeine queen : is it does through mine

billiam : we are kin now

trashmouth : are ya kinning son

billiam : constantly

Stan : This took a turn for the worse.

trashmouth : speaking of

gazebo : something just hit my fucking window??

gazebo : RICHIE ARE YOU FUCKNG SERIOUS??????

hanscom : oh jeez

caffeine queen : good fucking god richie

trashmouth : yes im serious!!! we need to talk!!!

gazebos : you break my window and we're never speaking again

trashmouth : open it then

gazebos : >:(fine

—

Eddie had barely shimmied the window pane up before a small pebble sailed past him, making him yelp as it hit the side of his bed. “*Richie!*” He hissed under his breath, glowering at the boy standing outside his window whose eyes wide behind his coke bottled glasses.

“Shit, Eddie! Sorry!” He returned as he wrapped both hands around the water pipe that ran up past Eddie’s window, making an awful fucking racket as he did so. Eddie worried his lip, praying that the television downstairs was on loud enough for his mother to miss the rattling of the pipe against the side of the house. Eventually, Richie’s fingers found the windowsill, and Eddie moved forward again to help him up. He turned his hips to perch, one leg resting on the windowsill, the other hanging out.

“How's it goin’, Eds,” He offered a sad smile, it only widening slightly when Eddie huffed, crossed his arms and replied with,

“Don’t call me Eds, dickhead...”

There was a beat of silence between them as Richie’s gaze lowered.

“Look, Rich,”

“I’m sorry I lied to you about Stan,” he cut across bluntly, peering absentmindedly at Eddie’s socks. Eddie tried not to wince, guilt swirling in his stomach (technically Richie was right, Eddie was a little upset about that, too). It hadn’t been fair on Richie for Eddie to hold him to something they didn’t have. Richie wasn’t his, he just... forgot sometimes. “Him and Mike just wanted a little bit of time to like– figure things out, I guess, and I really didn’t want to keep it from you but also Stan asked me not to tell anyone and unfortunately that included you...” he trailed off after a moment, only then looking up Eddie.

Eddie made an undignified noise, crossing his arms over his chest before murmuring, “get in here, idiot.”

Richie hooked his other leg over the windowsill and stood awkwardly for a moment before Eddie stepped forward, wrapping his arms around the taller boy and pressing himself as close to Richie as he possibly could, making Richie stumble back a bit. His face was buried in Richie’s shirt and Richie’s chin was resting lightly on the top of his head, gangly arms finding their way around his back. They stood like that for moment before he felt Richie chuckle lightly, “not mad anymore?”

“Was never mad... just bein dumb...” Eddie mumbled.

“Well stop, being dumb is my job.”

“Yeah, felt weird to step on your turf like that,” Eddie replied, then shifted so he could look up at him, “but seriously, Richie, I’m the one that sound be sorry. You were keeping a secret, I had no good reason to get bummed out...”

“Yes you did. We don’t keep secrets, not you and me.”

Eddie’s breath hitched because *oh*, something about the way Richie said that made Eddie want to bury himself even further in Richie’s embrace and never leave. *You and me*, him and Richie, different from the others. No secrets between them... hardly any, at least.

“I know, but it was for a friend, our best friends, plus its not like it was for long anyway... I was just bein’ dramatic and mopey.”

“So we’re good?”

“Course, Rich, we’re always good.”

Richie beamed, making Eddie’s heart leapt up into his throat. Their arms were still around each other, Richie’s hand had fallen slightly and was now resting on the small of his back. The contact made his head spin and it took a moment for his head to clear and Eddie realised he’s been blankly staring up at Richie. He cleared his throat,

blinking a few times as he did, “would you, uh, maybe wanna stay the night? We could read Shazam?”

Richie scrunched up his face, and Eddie did his best to ignore the sinking feeling in his chest, “can’t, sorry Spaghetti man, Mags wants us to start having regular family dinners and they did let me keep Pepsi so...”

“Still can’t believe you took that seriously.”

“How couldn’t I, Eds? A cute name from a cute guy!” Richie grinned, reaching up to tousle Eddie’s hair, ignoring Eddie’s protests, but his face soon fell into something more sombre. “I wish I could stay... I haven’t fulfilled my Eddie Spaghetti quota for today!”

Eddie tried (and failed) to stifle a pout as Richie pulled away and started his egress from Eddie’s bedroom window, nervously pulling at the frayed ends of his sweater sleeves. “Don’t call me that,” he scoffed in an attempt to cover up the fact that he really didn’t want Richie to leave.

“I’ll call you tonight?” Richie’s tone had changed to one much softer.

Eddie nodded, and Richie flashed him one last grin before dropping down to the ground, landing with an awkward thud and stumbling forward. Eddie watched him from the window, shaking his head as warmth filled his chest.

13. ben hanscom is omniscient

Summary for the Chapter:

bill and richie skate (or try to) their way through uncomfortable emotions, ben and bev watch in concern but also amusement

LOSERS

sunday 01:00

trashmouth : ANY BAD BITCHES UP AND WOULD WANNA COME SKATEBOARDING

billiam : RICHIE I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK

trashmouth : AYOOOO NO SLEEP GANG

billiam : WHERE WE DROPPING BOYZ

trashmouth : IDK IM JUST WALKING OVER TO YOUR HOUSE IG???

hanscom : what the fuck guys???????

caffeine queen : bill thats SUCH a fucking dead meme

billiam : like it fucking matters fam

hanscom : god i dont think im equipped to handle this much chaotic energy

hanscom : also why are you guys up??

billiam : WE TRAUMATISED *hand thing*

trashmouth : WHY FEEL BAD WHEN YOU CAN SKATE FAST

caffiene queen : understandable, have a nice day...

trashmouth : what about you guys

caffiene queen : movie just ended

trashmouth : aww date night

trashmouth : you get lucky yet, hanscom?

hanscom : beep beep, richie

trashmouth : not even a handy in the theatre? bev im ashamed

caffeine queen : turn on your location i just wanna talk...

trashmouth : wanna throw down? think your hot shit?

billiam : richie just because you're hoe antics are unstoppable doesn't mean everyone elses are too

trashmouth : what fucking hoe antics im saving myself for one man and one man only

billiam : OWO???

caffeine queen : O W O ??????

billiam : oml same hat!!

caffeine queen : kin!!!!

hanscom : who's the guy, rich

trashmouth : that, my bearded friend, would be bill's dad

billiam : sorry to disappoint rich but he's probably just as negligent in bed as he is in any other circumstance

caffeine queen : wow bill all of a sudden me and ben are your dad now

billiam : how the fuck does that work

hanscom : she's tired leave her alone >:(

trashmouth : anyone: tries to drag bev

trashmouth : ben: you dont have all the facts

trashmouth : anyone: which are?

trashmouth : ben: i love her...

hanscom : i say what i mean and i mean what i say

caffeine queen : <3

trashmouth : bill im here

billiam : sick sick sick benverly r u guys in town?

caffeine queen : what did you call us???

billiam : you heard me

hanscom : yeah we're still walking about

billiam : wanna watch richie do dumb shit and record some good videos for our friends to laugh at tomorrow?

—

Ben turned to look down at Bev, who was grinning as she read the messages.

“Whatdya say, Benny?” She asked, her smile still able to make Ben’s stomach tie itself in knots even after all these years.

He pretended to consider it for all of three seconds before pulling her close, revelling in her soft giggle, “oh what the heck, didn’t really

want to end the night anyway.”

“My thoughts exactly,” Bev hummed as she announced their impending arrival on the group chat, Richie and Bill responding with wild enthusiasm.

“Do you think they’re okay?” Ben asked as he read the texts over her shoulder.

She chuckled, but there was a slight nervousness to it, “I figure we’ll find out soon enough.”

—

They soon reached the stretch of road the boys liked to board down, a row of abandoned housing lots like on Neibolt (minus the stench and the clowns). Up ahead, they could see Bill and Richie, pressed together on one skateboard, laughing as loud as they wanted to.

“I’m fuh-flying, Jack!”

“Who the fuck is Jack?”

They ground to a halt. “H-have you never– what th-the f-fuck, Tozier?”

Beverly grinned wildly, pulling Ben along as she ran up to them. “Evenin’, boys! Also, Richie, how the *fuck* do you not know who Jack is?”

Richie rolled his eyes and stepped down off Ben’s board, “listen, miss priss,” he started, prodding at her shoulder, “not all of us have boyfriends that make them watch overrated chickflix.”

“Hey!” Ben frowned.

Beverly gave a mocking pout, kicking a leg out at Richie, “jealousy is a disease, bitch, get well soon,”

“It’s fucking T-tianic, Rich, everyone fuh-fucking knows T-Titanic!” Bill added, kicking the board up and down now that Richie had jumped ship.

“Keep it up, junior, and I’m gonna kick that board from underneath you.”

Bill scrunched up his face, “first of all, trashmouth, I’m older than you. Secondly, you’re friends with *Stan*, how have you never seen Titanic?”

“Stan makes us watch weird shit, though, like that Calamari movie.”

Ben wracked his brain trying to figure out what exactly Richie was

fucking talking about, “do you mean *Caligari*?”

“S what I said, right?” He grinned, hopping up on his (*read, Bill’s spare*) board. He couldn’t really do much other than stay upright, and Ben might have been giving him too much credit even there, whereas Bill was actually pretty fucking good at it. The two circled Ben and Bev for a moment, arguing about Richie’s astounding lack of knowledge about fucking Titanic off all things, Beverly adding additional roasts before she lead him the porch behind them.

The night continues with Bill tried in vain to teach Richie some basic tricks. Ben and Bev were pressed together, Ben’s favourite jacket draped over her to ward away some of the cold. Beverly had her phone at the ready, sensing that this was going to go horribly wrong in the best of ways. Ben watched as Bill walked him through the trick, a simple kickflip, and as Richie lifted up off the ground, his foot caught the underside of the board and he, for want of a better term, ate shit.

Ben winced, doing his best not to laugh in case Richie was actually hurt, but that kid was near fucking unbreakable and soon lifted a hand in the air with a thumbs up, so he didn’t feel bad when laughter did escape him. Next to him, Beverly was cackling, “I fucking caught that!” she cheered, Ben’s jacket falling from one of her shoulders.

“Beverly, I’m fucking dying over here! I’d appreciate some fucking compassion!” Richie groaned,

“Fucking perish, I guess!”

“This is the end for me, please tell Mrs K she’s the love of my life.”

Bill was doubled over with laughter, reaching out a shaking arm to try and help Richie up, “C’mon RIch, Eddie’s not even here to defend himself,” Ben chastised with no real bite behind it.

“S-speaking of,” Bill said, voice still a little shaky, “you two straighten things out?”

Ben huffed out a laugh, catching Beverly’s eye. “Interesting word choice,” he muttered into her ear, earning a playful prod of her elbow to his stomach.

Richie was grinning ear to ear, “yeah, we’re all good.” There was colour in his cheeks, and Ben definitely didn’t miss the look behind his eyes. “I climbed into his bedroom all fairytale-like, it was tight.”

Ben met Bev’s eyes again, they’d both been on receiving end of Eddie’s string of ‘god he’s so sweet I fucking hate him’ texts, this time with Bill included. Eddie was so disastrously gone on him, it was adorable, and Ben had no doubt in his mind that Richie didn’t feel the same. He’d never bring it up to him, Richie needed to handle things himself, that and Ben was almost certain that Eddie would never speak to him again if he muttered so much as a word about it. As entertaining and wholesome as it was to watch them dance around each other like nervous freshmen, they really needed to get a move on.

Bev exhaled, “thank fuck, it gets so weird when you guys have a spat.”

“Luh-lets call ‘em what th-they are, lovers qwuh-quarrels,” Bill grinned, sitting down on his board next to RIchie. It was a little hard to see in the faint glow of the near by streetlights, but Richie was definitely blushing, drawing one knee in and resting his chin on it. “Whatever it was, it sucked ass,” Richie responded, somewhat despondent, “like a lot. zero-outta-ten, would not recommend. But yeah, we’re all good now. Even called him just to make sure, he’s a sweetheart.” His blush grew, and Ben couldn’t help but smile.

He was so fucking gone.

—

LOSERS

sunday 08:32

Stan : You assholes are so lucky my phone was dead overnight.

caffeine queen : here’s richie eating shit at two am for your troubles

caffeine queen : *wasted.mov*

Stan : I take it back, that would have been worth waking up to watch.

gazebos : IM SCREAMING HOW DO YOU FUCK UP THAT BAD???

trashmouth : ID LIKE TO SEE YOU TRY, YOU GREMLIN

gazebos : IM NOT THE ONE WHO ACTS LIKE HES GOOD AT SKATEBOARDING

trashmouth : EDDIE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SUPPORT ME

farm dad : damn rich that looked like it hurt

trashmouth : thank you for showing some actual concern, mikey

billiam : we should pull that one out at your wedding

trashmouth : im sure mrs K will love me no matter how shit i am on a skateboard

gazebos : fuck you bill you know Exactly what he was gonna say to that

billiam : i do what i can

gazebos : richie fuck you too i will block you for Real then what bitch

trashmouth : ha we already kissed and made up no take backs!!1!11

gazebos : why do i fucking TALK to you

Stan : Because he's the only person who can keep up with you most of the time.

caffeine queen : because he makes you laugh

trashmouth : because im fucking sexy!!

gazebos : shut up shut the Fuck up

trashmouth : ur so cute when ur mad, eddie

gazebos : >:(

Notes for the Chapter:

me, upon realising i forgot to do a ben-spective last round : ben honey im so sorry an ugly ass bitch like me would do that to you

14. le velo pour deux (or something like that)

Summary for the Chapter:

richie be like: *commits acts of service* *commits
acts of service* *commits acts of service* *commits
acts of service* *commits acts of service* *commits
acts of ser

private chat between *angel* <3 and *DipShit*

tuesday 07:17

angel <3 : riiiiichiieeee

DipShit : mornin eddie!!

angel <3 : mornin :p

angel <3 : this is random but do you wanna go to the arcade after school

DipShit : like you'd even have to ask me that

angel <3 : true but just wanted to like make sure??

DipShit : you okay, eddie?

angel <3 : up for debate

angel <3 : my mom's been breathing down my neck a lot more and idk its stressing me Out.

DipShit : aw no eds im sorry

DipShit : yes we can go to the arcade

DipShit : and if you want we can go back to mine?

angel <3 : i dont wanna intrude....

DipShit : literally fuck off maggie adores you

DipShit : plus that i could use a hand w that english assignment we got

angel <3 : okk good

angel <3 : see u at school rich

DipShit : <3!!

angel <3 : <3

LOSERS

tuesday 07:39

farm dad : LITERALLY DID ANYONE DO THE MATH HW I
LITERALLY CANT TAKE MR CURRUNS SHIT TODAY

Stan : Yes, I'll help you through it in study.

farm dad : i knew there was a reason i liked you <3

trashmouth : LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE GOT HIM

trashmouth : *heBLUSH.jpeg*

*[desc. a photo of stan smiling down at his phone with a blush just outside
of school]*

farm dad : UWAH!!!

Stan : Richie, you're dead to me.

hanscom : awww stan thats so sweet

farm dad : im?????

caffeine queen : i love soft stan

Stan : Okay, chuckle fucks, let's get it together.

farm dad : i see you uwu

trashmouth : anymore PDA and i'll leave the country

billiam : don't be a bitch, tozier

trashmouth : im SERIOUS

trashmouth : gotta deal with you sappy sunuvabitches all day

caffeine queen : just because the only action you get is with your right hand doesn't mean you get to be bitter

trashmouth : ...damn ok..... its hard out here for a
player.....

billiam : cmon we're not that bad

gazebo : uhhh you absolutely fucking are

caffeine queen : oh please

trashmouth : see???

gazebo : ben bev i love you but literally you guys are SICKLY sweet
together

trashmouth : ive seen you guys embrace more in one day than my
parents do in a week

billiam : ghhmmdf

gazebo : what the fuck are you ghhmmdf about???

gazebo : if i have to hear you wax poetically about audra one more
FUCKIN time

trashmouth : rt rt rt

trashmouth : stan n mike are on thin ice but thats only because you guys are new i just fucking KNOW ur gonna be absolutely i n s u f e r a b l e

Stan : Someone's mad they don't have the balls to ask someone out.

trashmouth :valid

gazebo : we can be bitterly single AND tired of ur bullshit

caffeine queen : cant hear you over the sound of how in love i am

hanscom : uwu

gazebo : dis cos tan

farm dad : who would win : two single idiots or 3 mature couples capable of basic communication?

caffeine queen : imch resting observation mickey

hanscom : its no contest, really

trashmouth : you underestimate how far eddie's spite will get us

gazebos : thank you rich

Stan : As interesting as this is, we have class, dumbasses.

trashmouth : alas, when stan calls, who am i not to answer

gazebos : what the fuck does that even MEAN?

trashmouth : you heard me

private chat between *angel <3* and *DipShit*

DipShit : meet by the bike racks after school?

angel <3 : ye ye

—

Richie glanced over at the main entrance yet again, trying to catch a glimpse of Eddie in the mass of people passing through it. Curse Eddie for being so short, as cute as he was, it made him very hard to pick out in a crowd. They'd lost him at a carnival once; one moment he was clinging onto Richie's arm, bitching at him because he wanted a bite of his caramel apple, before he collided with another guy and got carried off by the stronger flow of foot traffic. It had only taken a few minutes for the others to find him again, but it had scared Richie more than he'd ever admit. As much as he'd teased Eddie for the incident, he'd also made sure to keep a slightly tighter grip on him. If Eddie noticed, he had the good graces not to mention it.

Richie was squinting, shielding his eyes from the sun, failing to notice Eddie sneaking up beside him.

“Boo!”

Richie yelped, stumbling to the side and crashing into a string of bikes.

Eddie dissolved into laughter, clutching his sides as Richie kicked his leg out at him, missing by a considerable amount (but not like he was trying, right?), “can’t fucking believe that worked!”

“Only cuz you’re so short, anklebiter!”

“Fuck you, you’re the one collapsed against the bike-racks like some Victorian damsel.”

It's such an Eddie insult, and Richie feels his cheeks warm as he grins widely, "you're the fucking damsel, you shit!" Richie said as he got back on his feet, wasting no time in throwing an arm over Eddie.

"G'off, asshole," Eddie retorted quickly, shoving Richie off him as he went to go unlock his bike. "You bring quarters?"

Richie scoffed, placing a hand on his chest as if Eddie had insulted him, "did I bring quarters?" he mocked, "you think this is fucking amateur hour? You're rolling with a pro here, Eddie Spaghetti, of course I brought quarters."

Eddie snorted, pulling his bike back and manoeuvring it towards the ramp. He stopped and worried his lip, looking up at Richie and *fucking hell, he knew that look*. At the risk of sounding more pathetic than everyone accused him of being (were they wrong? Absolutely), Richie waited for Eddie to at least fucking ask the question before he agreed.

"Uh, would you mind riding? I had track today and—"

"Aw, is little Eds all tuckered out?" He teased, leaning forward to pinch at Eddie's reddening cheeks.

Eddie batted his hand away and poked at Richie's chest, "don't be an ass," he mumbled with a slight pout, making Richie's heart pang.

“Will you hold my bag?” Richie asked, and Eddie nodded in affirmation.

“Then your carriage awaits, your highness,” Richie grinned, slinging off his tattered bag and hooking a leg over the bike. He revelled in the way Eddie smiled at him, mimicking his actions.

They did this often enough where they no longer had to shift every few blocks to find a comfortable position. Eddie would sit behind Richie on the seat (because it was comfier) and wrap his arms around Richie’s middle. With Richie’s bag between them, Eddie was less inclined to rest his head between Richie’s shoulder blades, much to his disappointment. The summer things went to shit and Eddie fell through the floor at Neibolt, shattering his arm, Richie happily acted as chauffeur, carting Eddie all around town whenever Sonia let him out of the house (mostly to fetch the meds he stopped taking). He’d meet with Eddie some way down the street, just like whenever he picked Eddie up in his car. Eddie would natter or rant to Richie and he’d listen with a grin plastered on his face.

He felt his phone buzz in his pocket, and Eddie held his own in front of Richie so Richie could read the messages.

LOSERS

15:01

caffeine queen : *levelopourdeux.jpeg*

[desc. a blurry photo taken from the front gate of the high school of Richie and Eddie crammed onto Eddie's bike]

hanscom : could you guys not have walked??

Stan : It's about the intricate rituals, Ben.

farm dad : you're such a film bro

Stan : I am no such thing.

Richie flushed, Stan had been a bit behind on his end of the 'make fun of the other relentlessly about their crush/beau until they murder you' thing they had going on, and it had been stupid of Richie to hope that he'd forgotten it all together. At least now Richie didn't have to hold back in exposing Stan in return.

gazebo : richie says 'u wannna fuckding talk abtut intricate ritu;s?'

gazebo : hrd to tuye on s bikeE

caffeine queen : mood honestly

“Fuck it, you can respond later.”

They reached the arcade soon enough, Eddie hopped off as Richie before rode onto the curb, waiting for him by the entrance with an eager smile on his face. Richie matches his enthusiasm, his arm finding Eddie's shoulder once more as he pushed the door open for them, heading right towards the street-fighter.

“Ready to get your ass kicked, Kaspbrak?” He asked.

“Bring it, Tozier.”

Notes for the Chapter:

just wanted to thank u all again for all ur comments
they make me cheese so hard!!

also chapters might be a little less frequent for a
week i got testsssss

15. Stan's Unofficial Support Group (6 members and counting)

Summary for the Chapter:

"911? yes, op literally won't stop projecting onto these boys."

LOSERS

tuesday 22:09

Stan : Hi all! Just writing to let you know that between the hours of 23:00 tonight and 16:00 tomorrow, I have scheduled a breakdown. Please let me know if this clashes with anything you dipshits have planned and we can try and find a work around! Regards, Stan.

trashmouth : hey okay first of all, are you fucking good, second, thats the funniest fucking cry for help ive ever seen, and third of all, seriously bro you good???

Stan : It would appear I am, shockingly, not good.

gazebo : what happened???

farm dad : is it your dad again?

Stan : Yes.

trashmouth : ohhh boy

Stan : I don't want to dump this on you guys but if its okay can I rant a bit? Because, as Bev would put it, a sister is fucking losing it.

caffeine queen : my impact,,, but seriously stan oc you can rant

hanscom : do you want to call?

Stan : No, I'm embarrassingly distressed and don't want to speak.

hanscom : no problem, lmk if that changes tho !!

billiam : rant away stan!

Stan : Okay...

Stan : Basically, the long and short of it is that my dad is pretty dead-set on me studying accounting. I have been trying to say that I want to study ornithology (birds) for a while now and I don't know if he just hasn't picked up on it or if he refuses to.

Stan : We just had a conversation about college and he started talking

about colleges in fucking Utah of all places and I don't know why but I just lost it.

gazebo : oh god stan im so sorry

trashmouth : im gonna throw hands with donald

farm dad : i support that

caffeine queen : i do too!! but seriously, stan, no one can decide what you go on to study but you

caffeine queen : plus?? ornithology is a dope fucking major

hanscom : you should try and talk to your dad, stan

Stan : Ben, I love you, but I can't stress enough how much that isn't an option.

Stan : My dad is not one to be told no.

farm dad : stan your happiness should matter more than some college major??

trashmouth : if he seriously cant see that you'd crush it at anything you sent your mind at, whether its bird science or fucking juggling, he's a dumbass

billiam : my thoughts exactly!!

billiam : also, as scary as it sounds you'll regret it for years if you dont do it

gazebos : ^^

Stan : How's that all going, by the way?

gazebos : its not going at all but it's just gonna take a little time

Stan : I'm right there with you, then.

Stan : Sorry, Eddie, this probably pales in comparison.

gazebos : no it doesn't, stan, standing up to your parents is fucking terrifying

gazebos : but so was wading through gallons of shit water and evading that dumb fucking clown and hey we made it out of that okay

caffeine queen : 'okay'

billiam : sshhhh he's onto something here

trashmouth : stan

trashmouth : you are one resolute mother fucker.

farm dad : and you're gonna be the best fucking ornithologist in the country

Stan : Give me a moment, I refuse to cry-type.

trashmouth : see, resolute as fuck!!!

gazebo : you got something against cry typing, tough guy???

Stan : My reputation won't allow it.

gazebo : oh i see how it fucking is!!!

Stan : I just wanted to say that you all mean more to me than I have the words to express.

gazebo : o.....ohhhhsjkhg

Stan : I would have genuinely lost my mind were it not for you all, and I'm so fucking appreciative of you. I love you all.

Stan : Even you, Richie.

trashmouth : <3

caffeine queen : we love you too stan!!!

hanscom : yeah!!! and if you ever need to talk though anything, please know we're here for you

billiam : everything's gonna be okay, stan

trashmouth : bill said it so it must be true

Stan : I'm weirdly inclined to believe that...

Stan : Thank you, guys.

trashmouth : smh donalds not gonna get an Ounce of this ass til he starts listening to you thats a Richie Tozier Guarantee.

Stan : Richie I've never felt any emotion towards you other than Rage.

trashmouth : i live to please ;3

private chat between stan <3 and Mike <3

22:41

stan <3 : Sorry for talking about this sooner.

Mike <3 : hey!! no need to apologise, it's been weighing you down a lot, yeah?

stan <3 : Yeah...

Mike <3 : its always hard to talk about stuff like that, just know that you're never gonna burden me or the others with it

Mike <3 : you have every right to be listened to

stan <3 : This is embarrassing but can we call? I want to hear your voice...

Mike <3 : sadfhkjdh thats Literally the sweetest thing yes yes oc we can call

stan <3 : Thanks, Mike <3

—

Stan woke up exhausted but not certainly not regretful, his phone still on the pillow next to him. He silently thanked the foresight he'd had to plug his phone in mid-way through his conversation with Mike as he scrolled through the string of good-morning messages. He wasn't quite sure when he'd fallen asleep, but the call had lasted until a little after two. A smile came to Stan's face as he rubbed his eyes, an almost aching fondness in his chest replacing the anxiety he'd been brimming with the night before. A real weight had been removed from his shoulders, and if only temporarily, he'd be okay.

LOSERS

wednesday 06:58

trashmouth : stanny wake up we're biking to school

William : the boys are back in town!!!

Stan : I will be down in literally five minutes.

He moved quickly through his routine, both due to excitement and because he'd slept in later than usual and wanted to avoid confrontation with his dad as much as possible (at least for today). He managed to get ready and down the stairs even before his mother usually came to knock on his door. Both his parents were sat in the kitchen, bidding him a brief 'goodbye' before he slipped outside where Eddie, Bill and Richie were waiting for him.

"There he is!" Richie beamed at him as he made his way through the front lawn.

He allowed himself to be pulled into the messy, six armed embrace of his friends, cheeks hurting as he tried to keep his own grin down. This restraint, however, quickly fell apart and a laugh escaped him as he moved his arms to hug them back.

"This is a lot harder to do now we're all weird and tall," Bill chuckled after a moment.

"Well, now that most of us are weird and tall," Richie countered almost instantly, reaching around to muss Eddie's hair which earned him a hard shove.

Bill moved to grab Stan's bicycle from the side of his house, and as the four of them readied to set off, Stan felt a hand on his shoulder. Richie, with genuine concern in his eyes, ducked his head down in order to keep quiet, "how're you doing?"

Stan offered him a smile, nodding as he replied, "better, thanks to you guys."

"Aw, Stanny, all in a days work!"

"God, you really don't know how to preserve a moment at all, do you?" Stan rolled his eyes, feigning annoyance despite the smile still on his face.

Richie pat his shoulder, "its one of my many talents."

They did their best to keep quiet on the ride to school, although most of their attempts were in vain. It wasn't exactly easy to speak at a reasonable tone when the people you're trying to have a conversation with are speeding down the road along side you. It was late enough in the morning where Stan didn't feel all that bad about Richie's hollering. There was a certain nostalgia to it, the four of them riding around Derry together. As much as he loved the seven of them together, his memories with Bill, Eddie and Richie were ones he treasured so deeply. He'd known them for his whole life, and not knowing them was something completely inconceivable. They were his best friends, hell, Richie was basically his brother at this point. He'd been right before, he definitely wouldn't be here if it weren't for them, weren't for all of them.

His train of thought was stopped short as the school came into view, and a bright yellow sweater was waiting right by the gates. Stan was almost embarrassed by the way his stomach flipped in his chest when he saw Mike... *god, when did he become such a sap.*

Richie whistled behind him as Stan quickly pulled the breaks and chained up his bike, walking towards Mike intently (it took everything in him not to break out and run). Mike met him with arms open, enveloping him into a tight hug and lifting him up off his feet. He let out a surprised laugh into the crook of Mike's neck, cheeks warming as he spun them around.

"You okay?" Mike asked softly, thumb brushing Stan's cheek.

He nodded, pressing up on his toes to press a kiss to his jaw, "I am now."

Notes for the Chapter:

thank y'all for being patient!! i rlly missed not updating this fic literally ive never been so dedicated to a piece of writing before :) thank you for all your comments too!! they're literally what keep me going
xoxo

16. richie gets his vibes checked

Summary for the Chapter:

thank you guys for baring with me !! exams are over
so i should be getting back into the swing of things !!

also there is a lot o feral energy in this one

LOSERS

friday 23:21

caffeine queen has changed their display name to *caffeine scream*

caffeine scream : boo, bitches

trashmouth has changed their display name to *tozier the terror*

tozier the terror : awoowo

Stan : What the fuck.

tozier the terror : it s onktober baby!!!

caffeine scream : hell yeah!!!

gazebos* has changed their display name to *gazeboos

Stan : Basic.

gazeboos : bite me, Stan.

tozier the terror : eds thats so fucking adorable oh my GOD

gazeboos : choke, dickhead

billiam : ooo i want in on this

billiam* has changed their display name to *bloody bill

farm dad : you sound like a pirate

bloody bill : fuck yeah

gazeboos : mike your turn

farm dad* has changed their display name to *mike of the living dead

Stan : Good one.

mike of the living dead : thanks babe

caffeine scream : ben ur turn!!

hanscom : uhhhhhh im not clever enough for this

caffeine scream : babe u kno thats not tr

caffeine scream : WAIT SKDFKADJ

caffeine scream* has changed their name to *morticia

hanscom : !!!

hanscom* has changed their display name to *gomez

tozier the terror : S I C K E N I N G

gazeboos : WE GET IT YOU GUYS ARE CUTE

morticia : <3

gomez : <3

tozier the terror : your turn, stanny boy

Stan : Fine.

Stan has changed their display name to Spooky Stan

mike of the living dead : short and to the point

tozier the terror : like eds

gazeboos : THATS NOT MY FUCKING NAME

Spooky Stan : That is the equivalent of an air raid siren, brace yourselves.

morticia : SJDFKSGKJ

tozier the terror : AND WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT

gazeboos : YOU WANNA FUCKIN GO??? YOU PREPARED TO FACE THE CONSEQUENCES FUCKO???

tozier the terror : OF WHAT?? GETTING MY ANKLES BITTEN??

gazeboos : OH ITS ON SIGHT NOW YOU LITTLE BITCH

tozier the terror : DROP YOUR LOCATION THEN

gazeboos : DO IT YOU WONT

tozier the terror : CLUBHOUSE. FIVE MINUTES.

private chat between *momther* and *snon*

momther : when ur mans manic episodes line up with yours <3

snon : YOU WANT SOME OF THIS TOO???

momther : i love quality time spent with my son

LOSERS

bloody bill : jesus FUCKING christ eddie just shot past my house guys
i think they're actually about to fucking fight

bloody bill : stan?? can you intervene????

Spooky Stan : No can do.

bloody bill : ur supposed to be the adult ehre eee

Spooky Stan : I'm just looking out for Richie. It's about the rituals...

tozier the terror : BUDDY-

mike of the living dead : you construct intricate rituals to beat the
living shit out of your friend

Spooky Stan : See, Mike gets it.

tozier the terror : im sure he does get it, stanny owO

Spooky Stan : You are scum of the earth.

tozier the terror : karma's a bitch

mike of the living dead : *angery.jpeg*

[desc. a vague, eddie coloured blur zooming down the road on a bike. tour de france is quaking]

gomez : wait guys im at the clubhosue ???? > ///.???/??/?

morticia : FUCK BEN GET OUT OF THERE WHILE YOU STILL CAN

gomez : i cant leave??? im doing repairs????

Spooky Stan : Oh you're a goner.

gomez : immfks fuck,,, fucking sh,a a,king i c cna n he re them,.....

bloody bill : MRS OBAMA ITS BEEN AN HONOUR

mike of the living dead : rip to ben and ben only

gomez : *throwthefuckdown.mov*

[desc. its a video taken from the door to the clubhouse of richie and eddie running at one another, eddie yells 'vibe check!' and just fuckin tackles richie to the ground. he lands with a thump and ben fuckin loses it]

morticia : OH MY GODDDD YOU GUYS

mike of the living dead : jesus christ is richie ok?????

gomez : i checked, richie's very winded but otherwise he's fine

Spooky Stan : Thats a shame.

gazeboos : AND NOW WE KNOW NOT TO FUCK WITH ME

tozier the terror : vibes Incredibly checked

gomez : *???.jpeg*

[desc. eddie and richie, richie's still lying flat on his back, eddie's straddling his waist and wearing his glasses, he's in the middle of poking richie's chest]

mike of the living dead : imch resting

Spooky Stan : What did I say?! What did I fucking say?!

gazeboos : I THOUGHT WE ESTABLISHED WHAT WOULD HAPPEN
TO THE NEXT PERSON TO TAKE A CANDID OF ME

morticia : god im gonna become a widow for Real

gazeboos : ICED. FUCKING ICJSF

mike of the living dead : oh my god she fucking dead

eddie's disaster gay antics

gomez : ok i meant to send the first pic ehr but dhgkjg we wont talk
about that

gomez : but ok basically

gomez : they're wrestling now??? like rich fully flipped eddie over
and it's just???

gomez : guys its like Peak Rituals or whatever stan goes on about

bloody bill : oh my god!!! these bitches fucking gay!!!

morticia : good for them, good for them

gomez : there is no WAY this can be one sided literally the look on richie's face rn???????

gomez : thats love!!!!

bloody bill : should we ask stan?? he'd probably know for sure

morticia : i dont think he'd tell us and we cant exactly tell him abt eddie either

bloody bill : true.... but also like.....

morticia : there's no way they're gonna figure it out for themselves?

bloody bill : exactly

morticia : what if we like

morticia : dont say anything outright about it but just be like 'hm eddie and richie sure to touch each other, sleep over at each other's houses, look at one another longingly and generally act like lovesick dipshits, any idea what might be up with that?'

bloody bill : ... beverly marsh you're a genius

morticia : all in a days work

LOSERS

tozier the terror : ben just pried eddie off my like a cat sdkjfa why do i only hang around feral things

Spooky Stan : you certainly have a type, it seems

bloody bill : a thing: feral, mean, will bite

bloody bill : richie: let me dote on and bother this thing until it hisses at me

tozier the terror : what can i say

gazeboos : you're the feral one, asshole

gazeboos : also jokes on you because now im in ben's arms

tozier the terror : ...fair

gazeboos : my moms gonna get mad im all dirty now

tozier the tozier : you're the one who peddled your ass to the woods to kick the shit out of me

“You're the one who extended the invitation, jackass!” Eddie, still in Ben's arms bridal style, yelled.

Richie had sat up now, his hair a birds nest and his glasses crooked, shot Eddie a grin. Ben could tell whatever he was about to say was only going to rile Eddie up again, and he wondered if he should hold on tighter to the kid. “And you could have said ‘no’.”

Eddie huffed and crossed his arms. Ben laughed, “he's got a point there... now if I let you go will you promise not to rip his head off? I still have work to do.”

“I’m not a fucking child!”

He wasn’t, Ben knew that, but he was also pretty fun to tease, he kinda understood why Richie did it so much.

Kinda...

He carefully dropped the arm supporting Eddie’s legs so they landed on the ground. Eddie wasted no time in beelining back to Richie, this time stopping by a tree stump where Richie’s backpack had been discarded. Ben fretted for a moment that Eddie might swing it straight into Richie, but that seemed far too rough seeing as their moment had passed. Instead, he sat right next to him and pulled out three comic books, eyeing them gleefully.

Ben smiled to himself as he pulled the hatch door back open, leaving them to themselves.

Notes for the Chapter:

eddie has two moods: >:3c or ÓWÒ

also!! if you want a super cute 'losers on halloween' fic, you should read you guys aren't exactly uh, subtle by LesbianLatte!! its so fucking cute and is where i got the mortica and gomez inspo from <3

17. hallowed ween planz

Summary for the Chapter:

solidifying my richiecore vibes by not being able to follow one train of thought... which is why this chapter is kind of a fucking mess!

LOSERS

saturday 09:01

bloody bill : good morning, gays

gazeboos : i don't wanna be addressed in any other way from now on

bloody bill : so i've been told i have to take georgie trick-or-treating with his friends so i might be a little late to the party

mike of the living dead : wait why what happened to betty doing it?

bloody bill : no clue but fuck me ig

morticia : i mean there are worse ways to spend halloween

Spooky Stan : Fishing Eddie out of a dumpster, for example.

gomez : ????

bloody bill : SJFSKDJFKS

gazeboos : NOT LIKE I CLIMBED IN MYSELF, ASSHOLE

tozier the terror : picture middle school eds, even smaller, trying to scramble out of an empty dumpster outside of the Aladdin

bloody bill : okay in fairness he wasn't given much choice

bloody bill : bowers rlly went 'this bitch gay- YEET'

mike of the living dead : his MIND

gomez : at least it was empty

gazeboos : at least??? it smelt horrific and richie wouldn't stop laughing at me

tozier the terror : you got half of my halloween candy that night so i think i had the right to laugh at you

morticia : let's play the 'did richie offer or did eddie demand?' game

gazeboos : AND WHAT THE FUCK DOES THAT MEAN

gomez : i'm gonna guess the former

mike of the living dead : ... fromer

morticia : yeah former

bloody bill : ding ding ding

mike of the living dead : wow we know our friends so well

tozier the terror : what can i say,

Spooky Stan : Well, does it count as offering when Eddie spent the whole night pouting until Richie gave him the candy?

bloody bill : im gonna say yes

gazeboos : oh my GOD guys i was not pouting??? i was pissed because i got dumpster smell all over me

tozier the terror : eddie you're always pouting

gazeboos : count your lucky fucking stars you already left my house
because you would have been kicked out my fucking window, asshole

tozier the terror : you need to work on your bedside manner, eds

gazeboos : you are so fucking close to getting yourself BLOCKED

morticia : ANYWAY bill are you n audra still gonna make it to the
party?

bloody bill : ye ye we're just gonna be late

tozier the terror : you two want a lift?

bloody bill : we should be good but ty!!

gomez : !!! what's georgie going as???

mike of the living dead : ~~~~~ important

bloody bill : i promised not to tell sorry guys

tozier the terror : valid but we better receive pics of him bcoz i
KNOW he's gonna stunt it

gazeboos : georgie: you know we had to do it to em

mike of the living dead : little dude has STYLE

bloody bill : wait actually bev i might need your help with it

morticia : OWO????

bloody bill : yea just some adjustments n maybe.... if ur feelin
generous..... some Pizzaz

morticia : literally drop a date and i will come by with my toolkit

gomez : i just gpt an overwhelming surge of Loving My Gf energy
dksadhgkjdf

morticia : <3 <3 <3

tozier the terror : honestly props to ben and bev for having Tangible Skills

mike of the living dead : i work on a fucking farm, richie

tozier the terror : ...valid props to mike too

bloody bill : mike, ben and bev would have survived in the middle ages

mike of the living dead : untrue, bev would have been burned at the stake and i'm like... pretty sure i would have been fuckin Iced too, ben would have had the best odds

bloody bill : mike, ben and bev would have survived a particularly ruthless dnd campaign

mike of the living dead : that i'll accept

tozier the terror : fun game to play with your pals! what would your cause of death have been in the middle ages

Spooky Stan : antisemitic persecution

gazeboos : idk the flu or smthn

tozier the terror : thats the spirit

gomez : god we really cannot stay on track today

tozier the terror : welcome to my world ;)

morticia : tl;dr we'd all be fucked

morticia : anyway!! bill, do i need to bring anything in specific?

bloody bill : i.....dk

tozier the terror : bev can handle it

tozier the terror : i showed up to her place at like 1am on the 30th with nothing but fabric and she just looked at me, sighed, and went 'i can make this work' and pumped out a dope costume in a day and a half

morticia : that was his Beetlejuice costume

mike of the living dead : DEADASS???

tozier the terror : IKR?? SHE'S A MIRACLE WORKER

gomez : thats my girl!!!

morticia : ksjdkfgkajf

morticia : anywho yes bill i will be over as soon as you need me

bloody bill : u wanna go to michaels first??

morticia : i always wanna fucking go to michaels

tozier the terror :

bloody bill : yes richie you can come but dont ask about the costume

tozier the terror : family day out to michaels!!!1111!!111!

gazeboos : wait i wanna go

bloody bill : i cant bring more than two people georgie will get mad

at me

gazeboos : aw ok

tozier the terror : BILL. RECONSIDER.

bloody bill : HE WANTS IT TO BE A SURPRISE RICHIE

Spooky Stan : We really do live the highlife

gomez : rich i thought you were banned from michaels???

tozier the terror : thats spencers

Spooky Stan : You were pretty much their only regular costumer so no wonder they closed down.

tozier the terror : my thoughts exactly

bloody bill : is like thirty minutes good for you

morticia : yep!!

private chat between *angel* and *DipShit*

DipShit : i wanna take you to michael's :(

angel : ffsdfjld it's fine rich

angel : i just wanted to get out of the house

DipShit : you should see if stan is doing anything mrs k will be more inclined to let you hang out with him

angel : true

angel : bring me back a cherry slushie?

DipShit : natch dude

Notes for the Chapter:

i have a tumblr now!! it's 89tczier so if u wanna send me hcs or small fic requests i'd be happy to respond :3

18. communiGAYtion

Summary for the Chapter:

mostly stanlon fluff what can i say?

private chat between *stan* <3 and *Mike* <3

saturday 11:18

stan <3 : Hello. Just stopped by to announce, for no particular reason, that I am alone in my house and will be until the afternoon.

Mike <3 : is this just how you invite people over?

stan <3 : Only you <3

Mike <3 : c u soon <3333

LOSERS

saturday 11:23

tozier the terror : STAN IDK WHAT YOU PROMISED BUT YOUR BOYFRIEND ALMOST WENT UNDER MY FUCKING CAR

Spooky Stan : WHAT?

mike of the living dead : he's exaggerating

Spooky Stan : He fucking better be!

bloody bill : he's like,,, kinda exaggerating

gomez : are you okay mike???

mike of the living dead : dude im fine i just wasn't looking where i was going

gazeboos : honestly get you a man who'll Die for the dick

Spooky Stan : Shut the fuck up that's not what's happening.

tozier the terror : so its just a coincidence that donald and andrea uris are in bangor for the day?

morticia : imch resting

mike of the living dead : we cant all sneak through cute boys

bedroom windows, richie

gomez : HHHH

morticia : THAT SHUT HIM RIGHT UP

bloody bill : *we-.jpeg*

[desc. a photo taken from the backseat of Richie's car on the passenger side. its of Richie looking quite embarrassed and grinning sheepishly as bev shows him the message on her phone]

gazeboos : tell him to keep his eyes on the fucking road

bloody bill : 'tell eddie im too busy keeping my eyes on his mom'

gazeboos : thats a cherry slushy AND a cherry pushpop, asshole

Spooky Stan : Yeah, Richie, get the boy a pushpop.

tozier the terror : stop distracting the driver

mike of the living dead : whats so distracting about that, rich?

tozier the terror : dont you have a boyfriend to plow??

mike of the living dead : RICHIE

Spooky Stan : THATS NOT WHAT THIS IS!

—

The door opened before Mike had raised his fist to knock. Stan stood in front of him, trying to keep a nervous smile from his face. “I, uh, saw you coming up the driveway... do you wanna choose the first movie?” He asked, stepping to the side to Mike could come in.

He kicked off his sneakers and stepped forward. It wasn’t like he hadn’t been in Stan’s house before, but it had been before, well, this; before late night phone calls, holding hands under the table at lunch, or quick pecks while tracking up to the quarry. It was, as dopey as Mike knew he sounded, both kind of exciting and incredibly nerve wracking. He tried not to make his nerves known as Stan headed through to the den, leading Mike by the hand. There had clearly been an effort made to make it cozy, there were comforters thrown over the sofa and candles on the coffee table to make the room smell of cinnamon. Warmth flooded through him as he took it all in. Stan was stood in front of him, seeming pleased with Mike’s reaction until something flashed across his face.

“Ah... the candles seem a bit... weird after what the others said but I promise that’s not what I was going for,” Stan laughed, sounding

almost sheepish, and it took Mike a second to piece together what he was talking about.

“Oh! No, don’t worry, I wasn’t– I didn’t think that at all... did that make you uncomfortable? What they were saying?” Mike asked tentatively, carefully watching Stan so as not to miss him flinch or tense. He didn’t do either, rather his eyes flickered down as a blush crept to his face.

Stan bit the inside of his cheek, “I mean, no? Obviously, we’re in no rush and what we do is none of their business, but it didn’t make me uncomfortable,” his thumb ran along Mike’s knuckles, and the nervousness between them started to melt away. “I mean, you indulge my pretentious taste in films, whats sexier than that?”

Mike barked out a laugh, shaking his head as he brought his free hand up to cup the side of Stan’s jaw, “getting a ‘my parents aren’t home’ text from your boyfriend?” he supplied.

“It wasn’t- this is a cute date!” Stan flushed again and Mike leaned forward, pressing a kiss to Stan’s lips.

“It is a very cute date,” he agreed. “Now, what are my options?”

—

private chat between angel <3 and DipShit

saturday 14:12

angel <3 : is ANYONE around im gonna fuckin go crazy

DipShit : rest easy eds!! we're loading the stuff into the car as we speak

DipShit : you good?

angel <3 : 1) not my name 2) i have no clue but i did all my hw and reorganised my comics

DipShit : boredom or anxiety

angel <3 : both?

DipShit : i have ur slush n pop so where do u wanna meet

angel <3 : hhhhh ILY

DipShit : all in a days work, eds

Notes for the Chapter:

sorry this one was a little short! i wanted to get one

up before my halloween on bcoz that's gonna be a lot longer (and mostly prose so yayeet for that)

my tumblr is 89tczier if u wanna chat abt it because literally i cannot shut up about those clown movies

19. (belated) halloween chapter (part one)

Summary for the Chapter:

this got way too long to post as one chapter sooo have part one now!!

tw : brief description of a panic attack and allusions to Bev's dad

Beverly pulled away, sitting back on the stool for one final examination of her work. Georgie was looking back at her with wide eyes, excitement clear in the way he was struggling to keep still. She took a theatric breath and gave a slow nod, "it is complete." She exhaled, flexing her fingers.

Bill turned Georgie around to face him, a smile spreading on his face as he took in Bev's work, "Thuh-This looks amazing, B-Bev!" He said, a little in awe. The costume was store bought, but with a few adjustments and a little bit of improve, Bev had the costume fitting perfectly and looking a lot higher quality. Georgie ran over to the hallway bathroom to get a better look at the whole thing, Bev collapsed back against the barstool once he disappeared around the corner.

"How wuh-wiped are you?"

"I'll be good," she said, "though some orange juice wouldn't go unappreciated," her lips curled into a smile.

He turned towards the fridge and Beverly swivelled in barstool, "Richie wants to know what time you guys are gonna need picking up,"

Bill gripped the carton, pouring as he spoke, “well, I duh-don’t think they’re gonna b-be out for more than two ow-hours, and I’ll have to um, d-drop Georgie off-”

It’s not like Georgie would be alone, he’s got his friends, his friend has parents.

“Bill,”

“He, he’s staying, oh-over at a fuh-fr-friends house, down n-near the ch-ch- uh-”

Near the church, near Neibolt, without you.

“Bill?”

Not like you did him much good in the first place.

“Bill!” Beverly had gotten up and started to move towards him.

His hands felt cold, in part from the probably-panic attack currently creeping towards him, and also because he’d covered it in orange juice. “Fuck,” he swallowed, placing the full glass on the counter and grabbing a cloth as Bev reached him. He let her lead him back to the counter and take the towel from him and went to mop up the puddle

herself.

“I’m s-suh-sorry.”

She shook her head, “don’t be, I get it, Bill,” she softly insisted, placing her hands on his shoulders once more, “just breathe.”

He did as told, eyes fixed on the doorway. He could hear Georgie on the phone to one of his friends upstairs. *Still there*, Bill told himself, *Georgie is still there*. Bev took a long breath and gestured for him to do the same: back straight and shoulders back. They’d done this a few times before, his hands in her’s or vice versa, sitting against Bill’s bed or squashed in Beverly’s bathtub, just breathing with one another. In the months of Georgie’s disappearance, things with Alvin Marsh seemed to be getting worse. A fair amount of the time they spent together after that summer was coaxing each other out of fits of panic or distress (Bev had called them ‘trauma buddies’ once as a joke neither of them laughed at). A few minutes passed and his breathe got steadier and steadier.

“Do you wanna talk about it?” Bev asked eventually

“I doh-don’t w- I just get l-like thuh-this this time of yuh-year...”

“Are you nervous about leaving him alone?”

“Yeah. I r-really am.”

She glanced backwards, possibly checking to see if Georgie was still upstairs (he was), “that’s absolutely understandable, Bill, but just remember that you’re going to be with him the entire time he’s outside. No one’s gonna mess with him if they see Big Bill looming behind him,” she smiled, and he huffed out a laugh, “but seriously, Georgie’s going to be perfectly safe. You’re a phone call away, and the parents are probably responsible–”

“Proh-probably? How’s th-that sup-supposed to help?”

“I mean, I think between us all, we’ve got all the bad apples of the bunch so Georgie’s chances are pretty fuckin’ good!”

He snorted, head falling forward a little, “you’re right... weirdly.”

“Hey, that’s my specialty,” she smiled, giving his hand a squeeze, “you okay?”

“Yeah... I will b-be.”

“Attaboy, when’s Audra getting here?”

He didn’t get a chance to answer, as Bev was quickly answered by a faint rapping at the door. Bill jumped up, moving through the hallway and opening the door.

Audra's bright auburn hair was pulled into two braids that ran down her chest and a red hat hung from a white string on her neck. In her blouse and cowprint trousers, she looked a little ridiculous, but God, was she beautiful. "Audra," he said, a little breathless.

"Audra? Who's that?" She said with feigned confusion and a poorly hidden grin.

"Sc-scuze me, *Jesse*," he corrected, stepping aside so she could step inside. It was dimly lit, so he aided in walking her through to the kitchen. Bev gasped when she saw her.

"Is that Bev?" She asked, squinting a little, "c'mere! I wanna see what you're dressed up as!"

"No costume yet, unfortunately, been working on Georgie's all afternoon," she came up to hug Audra, "you look fuckin' great though! Bill, go put yours on!" Bev practically shooed him out and upstairs.

Georgie nearly crashed right into him, hat tipping down as he threw his head back, "is Audra here?" He asked quickly.

Bill nodded, but didn't step aside right away, instead pulled Georgie close to him and held him tight. Georgie, a little confused, hugged back right away. "You okay, Billy?" He asked.

"Cuh-Course I am... pardner."

Georgie giggled, flicking Bill's forehead lightly and pushing past him. Even from his bedroom, he could hear Georgie's excited ramblings to both girls.

Everything's gonna be fine, Bill repeated to himself, Georgie's going to be fine.

—

LOSERS

thursday 18:21

morticia : *yougotafriendinme.jpeg*

[desc. a picture of Audra, Bill and Georgie standing in the kitchen, dressed up as different charaters from Toy Story (Jessie, Buzz Lightyear and Woddy respectively). They're all smiling widely, especially Georgie]

gazeboos : OH MY GOD???????

tozier the terror : HOLY FUCK THATS SO CUTE

mike of the living dead : I THINK I JUST DIED DKAHFDKAD

Spooky Stan : That is fucking adorable.

gomez : IM-

gomez : bev that costume looks so good!!!

morticia : thank you!!! my hands are gonna hurt until thanksgiving

morticia : GHDHF FUCK I GOTTA GET READY

—

Ben scrunched up his nose, the bristles of his faux-moustache tickling his lips in a pretty unpleasant way. His hair had been slicked back to the point where Ben knew it was going to take several washes to get all the gel out, but it was so going to be worth it. He slid on the shiny leather loafers he'd only worn a couple of times before and examined himself once more in his mirror.

“Sweetheart,” his mother called, “Beverly’s here!”

Showtime, he thought to himself.

He quickly caught Beverly's eye over his mother's shoulder and quickly clasped a hand over his mouth to keep himself quiet. She was dressed in a shapeless smock of dark feathers with a big plastic beak over her nose. It was absolutely fucking adorable.

Beverly, on the other hand, had no qualms about cackling at his over-the-top outfit. "Wait," she said through her giggles, "Where did you get that shirt?"

"Alright, alright," he said, grabbing his house keys off of the side table and going to join Beverly on the porch before his mother stopped him.

"I want a picture!" She demanded, pulling the both of them to the side and pushing them together. Ben flushed, looking down in embarrassment. Beverly pulled the beak back over her nose and pressed the point of it to Ben's cheek, a faint "mwah" coming from the plastic as his mother snapped the first picture.

"You actually look really cute," He said softly, pulling her closer. Another snap, and he shot his mother a pained look.

"Okay, you two are free to go!"

"Bye, mom," Ben said, kissing her quickly on the forehead and taking hold of Beverly's hand and setting off down the street. It was packed with kids and young teens, stopping from house to house, the two of them got some interesting looks, smiles of acknowledgement and frowns of confusion.

“I am so clearly a raven, I have no idea what he was on,” Bev snorted after passing one couple in particular.

“Either that or a Bloodborne character,” Ben suggested.

“Nerd.”

“You are one part of an incredibly nerdy couples costume—”

“A couple’s costume that was your idea,”

He smiled and shook his head, “fair enough,” he said, tapping her beak.

They turned the corner onto one of the main streets, and within a few seconds heard the distinct voice of Richie call out to them, “And what the fuck are you two supposed to be?”

Richie was dressed in flannel and jeans, both torn up haphazardly, and patches of hair stuck to his chest and over his sideburns. Sticking up from his curls were two fuzzy clip-on ears.

“Furry,” Bev smirked.

“You are a literal bird, Beverly... that either makes you or Ben the furry.”

She scoffed under her mask, but the corners of her grin were showing.

“We’re Poe and the Raven,” Ben explained, gesturing to his own outfit.

“Sexy.” Richie grinned and then jerked his head over to his car where Stan and Mike were already in the backseat. Ben opened the door for Beverly, who did her best to curtsy and they climbed in. Stan’s smile was taken over by a set of fake vampire teeth stuffed in his mouth, but the rest of the costume was honestly really cool (it looked a little like Ben’s, maybe less Downton Abbey and more What We Do In The shadows, though). Mike, dressed as a scarecrow in a large straw hat and jean overalls, immediately locked eyes with Beverly in mock confrontation. “Do... we have beef?”

She snorted, “I’m a raven, so I think we’re good.”

“I think you two get the award for coolest couple costume,” Stan said around the cartoony fangs in his mouth, “Ugh, Rich, the the thuck, can I take ‘em out?”

“Okay, but you gotta put them back in for the group photo,” Richie replied from the front seat.

“Anyone know what Eddie’s going as?” Ben asked, shifting a little as his side was pressed into the car door when Richie took a particularly sharp turn.

“We’ll find out soon enough,” Stan shrugged, seeming much more content now that the fake teeth were out.

“So nice of you to save his seat, Richie,” Bev teased, patting the headrest of the passenger seat. He saw Richie roll his eyes in the rearview mirror, but his cheeks were obviously dusted pink.

He waved his hand to try and play it off, “just saves one of you from having to get out.”

Mike grinned, “because God forbid Eddie have to sit in the back,”

Bev looked up at Ben as if to say ‘*you’re hearing this, too, right?*’. Ben nodded. Beverly and Bill were becoming more and more insistent on interrogating Stan and Mike about Richie, and Ben had been trying to get them to hold off, not wanting to be invasive. However, it was becoming increasingly clear that his two dear friends were not going to sort things out without a little bit of prompting. Desperate times, and all that.

“He doesn’t like the backseat,” Richie muttered, pretending to be distracted by something on the road.

“Oh, he doesn’t? He doesn’t mind it in Ben’s car.”

They were all jerked forward as Richie suddenly hit the breaks, “oops, sorry,” he said devilishly, clearly not meaning it. They were down the road from Eddie’s house, all waiting to see his bedroom window slide up and for Eddie to climb down. Sure enough, a few minutes later, he did, making a rather impressive landing as he dropped from the lowest branch. He jogged up the street, and his costume came into view. A strangled curse followed by a cough came from the driver’s seat, and Stan snorted.

Eddie opened the car door, noticing Richie’s weird expression and immediately scowling, “literally don’t say a word. It was Bev’s idea and all I could get on short notice.”

Richie seemed to snap back into the room, “of course, Eds, a striking display of ingenuity” he grinned, but Ben could see his knuckles were white. God, his girlfriend was a genius. Eddie was what seemed to be Little Red Riding Hood, with a deep red t-shirt and cape as well as his track shorts.

“Didn’t think you knew that that word meant,” he snarled, completely playfully.

“Oh, I’m wounded, who knew Little Red Running Shorts had such a sharp tongue,”

Eddie snorted, gently punching Richie’s shoulder as he started the car up again.

“Eddie, that’s no way to treat your driver,” Beverly started, “he saved that seat for you.”

Eddie seemed to catch on to what they were trying to do, immediately snapping back with, “how else am I gonna criticise his driving?”

“Does ‘criticise his driving’ count as a ritual, Stan?” Ben asked, catching the death glare Eddie shot him in the rearview mirror.

—

Stan had to give it to Richie for not crashing the car.

“You showed surprising restraint,” He commented as they walked through the impressive front yard, “I was definitely expecting to have to remember to keep your eyes on the road a lot more than I did.”

Richie sticks his foot out and trips Stan up, “did you tell Beverly?” He demanded.

“No, Richie, christ! I wouldn’t do that,” His brow creased, “I had no idea he was gonna uh, dress up like that,” a smirk fought its way onto his face. He felt a little bad for him, he could tell Richie was pretty nervous, and if it had been anyone other than Eddie, Stan would completely respect that. Except that it was Eddie. Eddie, who fought and vied for Richie’s attention just as much as Richie did for his; Eddie, who shrieked and swatted but never pushed or pulled away

from Richie's touch; Eddie, who took any chance he got to peak at Richie over a comic book or from the other side of Bill's couch. Eddie Kaspbrak, completely gone for Richie Tozier and seemingly making a horribly ineffective effort to hide it.

If Richie could miss that, Stan could certainly tease him for it.

He'd been caught on to Eddie's feelings for a while, and with both Ben and Bev's teasing of Eddie in the car to match himself and Mike's teasing of Richie, it was basically confirmed.

"Yeah, well, time to venture into a hot pit of hormones. That'll do me good," Richie sighed, scratching the back of his neck. The others had noticed the two of them hanging back, and he caught Bev's eye. He wasn't sure if he communicated 'good work' to her effectively, but she raised her eyebrows in recognition, matching his devilish smile with one of her own.

They were an hour in, and Stan, drink in hand, was having a slight conflict of interest. On the one hand, he wanted to find Beverly and talk to her properly. They'd skirted around the topic of their two loveably stupid friends a few times before, but Stan was honestly getting annoyed at both of their reluctance to fucking commit. He told Mike right before they'd been picked up that he'd planned on saying as much as he could without completely outing his friend (plausible deniability and all), and hope Beverly would catch on and do the same. He'd even drink a little to get things started.

That was, of course, before Mike and himself had found a quiet corner to make out.

“Isn’t this supposed to be the other way around?” He asked, admittedly a little dizzy, as Mike kissed and nipped around his jaw and neck.

His boyfriend pulled away, brow furrowed, “I’m the vampire, aren’t I?” Stan continued, smirking as Mike groaned and rolled his eyes.

“I don’t hear you complaining.”

“Fair enough,” he said, giving him a quick peck before Mike went back to what he was doing, namely, making Stan forget that there was something he had wanted to do.

That something, fortunately for him, didn’t give him a chance to forget, as within seconds he heard a pointed clearing of the throat.

“Sorry to interrupt,” Bev said, “but can I have a minute with Stan?”

Stan wasn’t going to object, especially since Beverly’s almost intimidating nature wasn’t impacted at all by her bird costume.

“I’ll do you one better, you can have two.”

Stan wiggled out from underneath Mike, who caught his wrist and pulled him back for another quick kiss. He would be remiss if he denied the way it made his stomach bubble, they usually avoided PDA when they could, but there was something nice about being able

to kiss in a house full of other people without worry.

He was lead into a hallway bathroom (implications be damned) and leant against the closed door as Beverly sat down on the rim of the bathtub. She was staring at him intently, both of them waiting for the other to speak.

Fuck it, Stan decided, “is this about our friends?”

Bev pulled the beak down from her face. “It is, yeah, two in specific.”

“Richie and Eddie?” He asked as if he was unsure. It was part of the ‘bit’ as Richie would say. Lawyer talk, as Bev put it.

“Richie and Eddie. I wasn’t the only one who noticed they were acting weird, right?”

“They’re always acting weird,” Stan pointed out, even though no, Beverly wasn’t the only one who noticed. In fact, she’d made a deal of Stan and Mike noticing Ben and herself noticing that Richie and Eddie were acting weird– fucking hell this was getting complicated. “I think they’re hiding something from each other.”

“From all of us, too.”

“We’re all not being told something.” He was being unnecessarily cryptic, but he was kind of loving it.

“So it seems.”

They held each other's gaze for a moment before Stan realised they were having this conversation in fucking Halloween costumes. The dam promptly broke, both of them dissolving into fits of slightly drunken laughter. “Christ, this is so pointless,” Stan said after collapsing down against the doorframe, “they both like each other, right? I know Richie does.”

“As does Eddie,” Bev said, rubbing her eye, “now we just have to get them to sort their shit out.”

“Easier said than done,” he sighed, “nice going with the Halloween costume, by the way, he was absolutely fucking stunned.”

“He asked for something ‘attention grabbing’, which is to say, ‘Richie's attention’,” she grinned, “I just got him the hood. I figured if anything was going to do it, it would be the shorts.”

“God, he goes on about them endlessly.”

Something seemed to cross her mind, as the grin fell and was replaced by a look of contemplation and concern, “I don't want them to get hurt, Stan.”

He looked up at her, a silent request for her to continue, “I guess...

they're both so stupid sometimes and I don't want to see it bite them in the ass."

He paused on it for a moment, "I feel like – and never repeat this outside this bathroom – you're not giving them enough credit. They don't say it outright, but they love each other. A lot. I don't really know how they could fuck things up so badly that that changes. Sure, Eddie's testy and Richie gets in his own way, but we've seen them talk each other down so many goddamn times that it's almost routine at this point."

Beverly met his eye once again, and smiled, "when did you get so romantic?"

"I spent a lot of time around Ben one summer, it was great, he talked about you the whole time."

"Okay, Uris, laugh it up."

20. (belated) halloween chapter (part two)

Summary for the Chapter:

there is probably a million mistakes in this but hhh
im too tired to look through it now

angst ahoy, i guess

come talk to me on tumblr !! im 89tczier :3

Realistically, he hadn't been alone for very long, but he was enough out of his depth that it felt like Stan and Bev had been away for at least an hour. His back remained firmly pressed against the wall at the far end of the room as he had to periodically remind himself to loosen his jaw. Parties weren't really his thing, not necessarily out of a general social anxiety, but it was still hard for Mike to not to feel like an outsider. Sure, he had the Losers and they were all he needed, but he looked around the room at the people he should have been able to call his peers... he couldn't even name most of them. The realisation was disarming and brought back feelings Mike had assumed were far behind him.

Bill had mentioned imposter syndrome once, not directly, but it had obviously been aimed towards Mike. It had piqued his interest enough to look into it later that night, and he'd been talking to Bill over the phone as he did.

What could he say, he fit the bill pretty well...

It had been a bit of a process, but since actually joining high school in junior year, things had been getting progressively better. If ever he stumbled, he kept quiet about it, and soon enough those feelings of imposition begun to fade.

Guess not, then.

“Mike!” Someone called as pushing through the crowd of people by the stairs. He turned his head, spotting Ben making his way towards the corner of the room and relief quickly washed over him, “you haven’t seen Bev, have you?” He asked.

“She whisked my boyfriend away, God knows what they’re getting up to.”

He chuckled and leant against the wall across from Mike, “I think I have a feeling... does that dirty my hands in this whole thing?”

Mike hummed, “I think they’re doing more good than not, so you should be good,” he hoped, at least, that that was true. He knew that whenever Bev and Stan put their heads together there wasn’t much in the world that could stop them. Hell, they were forces to be reckoned with just on their own. Then again, there was nothing the two of them would willingly do that would result in their friends getting hurt. Bev wore her loyalty on her sleeve proudly, whereas Stan’s was always there, shining brightly only in moments of vulnerability.

“Let’s hope so,” Ben sighed, parroting Mike’s afterthought, “We all kind of need this to happen.”

Mike snorted, a bit of his drink spilling over the rim of his cup, “absolutely. If I have to watch those two circle around one another any longer I’m gonna go crazy.”

There's something soft in Ben smile, and as Mike turns his head, he sees the other two approaching them. "You two finished plotting?" He grinned as Stan hooked an arm around Mike's middle.

"Yep, 'm all yours now."

He pulled him closer and ducked his head to press a kiss to the side of Stan's head, ignoring Beverly's exaggerated cooing noises and what was obviously an approaching Richie's whistle. Stan raised a finger in the air in her general direction as kissed he Mike properly. He hoped Stan couldn't feel the warmth in his cheek as his hand reached up to cup it

If he could, Mike would just blame it on the beer.

"Damn, Stan, can I get one of those?"

Stan whipped around, cape following dramatically, to glare at Richie. "Am I really the one you wanna be asking that question to?"

Richie grinned, holding his hands up in mock surrender, "fair enough... Mike? You wanna lay one on me?"

"I'm good, man."

He snapped his fingers, “shoot, maybe next Halloween.”

Ben looked over towards him, brow furrowing, “where’s Eddie?”

The other Losers noticed too. It wasn’t often they all went to parties, least of all Eddie (and Stan, but there wasn’t really any doubt about who he’d spend the night with). Usually, Eddie was stuck by Bill, Beverly or Richie’s side, ensuring they kept out of trouble. His not being attached to Richie’s side was strange.

“Was coming to ask you guys the same question,” Richie said with a frown, obviously biting the inside of his cheek. Mike noticed Stan and Beverly meet each other’s eyes, somehow having a wordless conversation in a matter of two seconds before Stan turned and asked,

“You didn’t piss him off, did you?”

“No, not that I know of,” his tone was curt and defensive, “anyway, I only ask because I was going to pick up Bill and Audra and I was gonna ask if he wanted to keep me company.”

Bev quirked an eyebrow, “on a five minute drive?”

“I get distracted easily... whats with energy, guys? This an interrogation?”

Now all four of them exchanged looks, earning a particularly annoyed huff from Richie, “anyway, if yuh see ‘im, tell ‘im ol’ Rich’s headin’ out,” even the accent was halfhearted, and Mike felt a little twinge of guilt as Richie spun on his heel and headed down the stairs.

“You think we’re pushing this a bit too far?” Asked Ben after a silence settled between the four of them.

Beverly sucked in a deep breath, straightening her back to stand as tall as she could with a large smock weighing her down. “Not one bit.”

—

“Eddie?” Bev called as she pushed yet another bathroom door open. Thankfully, this one was empty. She’d already intruded on enough sloppy handjob sessions for the night and was frustratingly preparing for more. God, why the fuck was this house so big?

She checked her phone once more, nothing from Eddie. “Twerp,” she mumbled under her breath, as if the insult alone would be enough to summon him (she definitely wouldn’t put that past him). Nothing from Ben either, who was searching upstairs. She shuffled onwards and reached the glass doors to the deck and backyard, cupping her hands over her eyes to see through better.

“Gotcha.”

He was sitting up on a half wall, sneakers next to him and looking noticeably damp. Bev caught his attention as she walked over, slipping past a gathering crowd of kids who were doing some sort of dance circle. Eddie budged over, giving her space to sit up with him.

“Yeah, I don’t think I’ll manage that with all these feathers,” she chuckled, choosing to lean against it instead, “Richie said you thought you got puke on your shoes.”

Eddie’s face screwed up miserably, “ugh, don’t remind me. Also, I definitely did, fuck Richie.”

“He’s looking for you, he’s heading to pick up Bill soon and wanted to know if you wanted to come along.”

Eddie’s face was a cool blue from the light of the pool next to them, but Beverly could tell his cheeks had darkened. Eddie had definitely noticed the way Richie had been glancing at his legs on the ride over, but shut Beverly down whenever she brought it up. He’d been convinced that he was imagining things, reading too much into it. He wouldn’t listen when Bev harped on about how Richie had been acting, or the way the other Losers caught Richie looking at him. It broke her fucking heart to see how marvelled Eddie seemed to be by the thought that Richie could indeed feel the same way about him.

He’d confided in her about it when they were fourteen. Before, the two hadn’t been nearly as close, Eddie was intimidated by Beverly and she had assumed he just didn’t like her. It was rare they were alone together in the clubhouse, but their home lives were getting particularly bad and neither of them had been eager to go home that

night. Beverly, keen to get the boy to warm up to her, had asked Eddie to tell her a secret, and she'd tell him on in return.

"I kinda hate my mom."

"I sometimes believe what everyone says about me."

"I have no idea who I am."

"I'm scared I'll never make it out of Derry."

"I think I like Richie... as more than a friend."

She'd simply smiled at him, putting her hand over his and squeezing softly. He didn't say anything after that, and she didn't tell him that she kind of knew already, just put her head against his and stayed there until light shone down through the slats of the hatch. They'd begun to hang out a lot more after that.

"Where is he?" It wasn't more than a mumble.

"By the front."

Eddie's sneakers were mostly dry as he ducked and weaved his way through to the front of the house. Sure enough, Richie was standing against the front door, eyes on his phone.

The energy between them had been weird all night, Eddie was both unnerved and intrigued by it; they hadn't necessarily been avoiding each other, but they weren't 'attached at the hip' like usual. Even as Richie spotted him and grinned, there was something not being said. He supposed that he was partially to blame for that, he had a little bit of a knack for letting things get like this whenever he felt particularly cornered. Whenever he felt like Richie was getting a little too close to figuring things out, Eddie would flip and do something stupid like not talk to him for the rest of the night. It was a stupid foible of his, and he knew it probably hurt Richie more than it would him just finding out. But Eddie was too damn afraid of things between them changing to be able to help it. For all their moments, for all the times the words left unsaid lingered between them, Eddie would not let himself hold onto them.

Tonight had gone a little bit differently. Each time he'd turn to look at Richie, Richie's eyes were already on him. Eddie was perfectly happy to chalk it up to coincidence, but there was something about how Richie was looking at him that raised questions in his mind. Richie was looking at him like he was the only person in the room, a trance-like gaze that only lasted for a moment before he seemed to correct himself and either look away or make a joke to distract both himself and Eddie.

It was weird, and kind of driving Eddie up the wall.

“You ready to go?” He asked with an automatically feigned impatience like he hadn’t been the one to keep Richie waiting.

“As I’ll ever be, Eduardo, Andale!” Richie replied, snappy as ever, and opened the door for him.

Then came the first challenge of the evening, going down a hill with three and a half beers in his system. Eddie’s tolerance was less than impressive, that added to the fact that he was currently walking in damp shoes, his footwork was pretty clumsy. The fastest way down to Richie’s car wasn’t paved, and Richie was already making his way down.

“Rich, wait,” Eddie called after him, “I’m not... I don’t wanna fall, gimme a hand?”

Richie seemed happy to oblige, holding his arm out for Eddie to wrap around. He was cold (as always) and leant into Eddie’s warmth (as always) and snaked the arm around Eddie’s waist as they made their way down. Things begun to feel normal again as they snickered at one another’s attempts not to trip up (it’s about the intricate rituals, or whatever the fuck Stan likes to go on about).

“God, Rich, you’re gonna wipe us out!” He shrieked as Richie stuck his leg out in front of him seemingly on purpose.

Richie barked out a laugh, “me? You’re the one tripping over your own feet!”

“I’ve had alcohol, what the fuck’s your excuse- shit!” He felt one of his legs slip out from underneath him. Had they not been closer than strictly necessary, Eddie definitely would have landed flat on his ass. “Okay, seriously, one of us is gonna twist an ankle.”

Miraculously, they made it to Richie’s car with no injuries, and after the engine takes a whopping three minutes to run properly, they set off. Eddie’s knees are pressed up to the dashboard and his head is against the window. He sees Richie glance back and forth between the road and Eddie a number of times from his periphery, and he decidedly doesn’t turn his head to meet Richie’s gaze, with nothing but the struggling engine to fill the space between them, Eddie really didn’t know what he might say, and he would not take the risk in case it was something completely irreversible (heart wrenching honesty or ultimately empty cruelty, either way, not a good outcome). So he stayed quiet and waited for Richie’s compulsive need for shit talking to kick in.

It does, sure enough, moments after the thought passed through Eddie’s head.

“Thought you were gonna keep me company, Eds, c’mon! I might fall asleep at the wheel,” Richie was fishing, extending an olive branch, fuck, doing something to prompt Eddie to talk to him. Maybe Richie had noticed it too, maybe he’d been staring at Eddie for just a bit too long on purpose, or maybe he was just sick of Eddie’s hot-cold bullshit.

Eddie exhaled in attempted laughter, “not my name,” he murmured because it was *safe*, “besides, you don’t need anything distracting you, I’m here for silent emotional support only.”

“If I wanted that I’d go see your mom.”

“That makes no fucking sense!”

“It wasn’t meant to.”

“Bastard,” Eddie snarled, but the smile on his face was impossible to hide no matter how much he turned away from Richie.

“There we go, you gonna stop being weird with me now?”

Eddie looked at the trees outside as he muttered out a pathetic “sorry.”

Richie wasn’t looking at him either.

Fuck, why is this so weird?

“I’m surprised Mike and Stan didn’t do something grossly couple-y this year,” he piped up after another moment, it was out of the blue enough for even Richie (of all people) to raise an eyebrow, but he seems overall pleased that at least Eddie’s talking.

“They’re still early on, we should savour it while we can.”

“Stan’s a surprising romantic, then?”

That got Richie to grin. *C’mon, we can get back to it.*

“Oh, fuck yeah he is, planned this whole movie afternoon for Mike, they cuddled, it was so fuckin’ sweet I almost gagged when he told me about it... but in, like, a good way.”

Okay, yeah, that was fuckin’ sweet.

Something flashed across Richie’s face and he turned his head as they neared a stop sign, “that’s not... that’s not why you’re—”

“No! God no, Rich, I wasn’t even that mad about it in the first place...” he let out a shaky breath, “I’m sorry I’m being weird, seriously, it’s nothing you did,” it was everything he did, but that wasn’t Richie’s fault, “I just— fuck, Richie, things just kinda suck right now.”

“Is it your mom?”

“No... well, she’s kind of a constant ‘suck’— don’t even fucking go there, Richie, I swear to God,” he shot Richie daggers as he saw that little glint in Richie’s eye.

“You and I both know I’m thinkin’ it, that’s good enough for me,” he said with a proud and wicked grin.

“You’re such an asshole,” Eddie snapped back, though they both knew he didn’t mean it. Richie’s eyes even softened and his smile grew gentler, less shit-eating and more... private. Eddie didn’t want to think about what that smile and look, a smile and look he didn’t see unless they were alone, could mean. There was no fucking telling where his mind would run if he did, and he couldn’t do that to himself, he couldn’t do that to Richie.

He almost cried out when he saw Bill and Audra at the end of the street. He knew Richie wouldn’t press him while they were there, so he was bought five minutes of internal damage control.

Richie wondered what heinous act he must have committed in a previous life that earned him this. Sitting in a car, Eddie next to him, too far away and way too fucking close at the same time like that one poem Stan was always talking about. He felt ready to shatter at any fucking minute, everything felt so fucking wrong. Like being the only one not in on the joke, everyone else seemed to be clued in on whatever it was Richie seemed to be missing. It was killing him. He tried to keep focused on what Bill and Audra were talking about, but it was like he kept losing signal. Their conversation fading into white noise until Richie consciously reminded himself to listen, it didn’t help that Eddie wouldn’t fucking look at him.

He knows, the thought came from a horrible part of Richie’s brain. It grew and grew as he drove up to the paved part of the hill. Bill and Audra thanked him and got out, Bill’s arm going around Audra’s

waist to help her up the hill in the darkness.

Eddie did not get out with them, and it tripped sort of Richie up even more, instead opting to wait until Richie found somewhere to park and they walked back up together. Pretending everything was fine, Richie's fucking specialty. He'd actually enjoyed the rest of the night, even though the rot in his brain still sat and festered throughout it all. They'd taken pictures, laughed, and things felt halfway normal. They'd all squeezed back into Richie's truck again, Eddie finally yielding and sitting on Mike's lap as Ben and Beverly shared the passenger seat, he stayed in the back until Stan, the last person before Eddie to be dropped off, was safely inside his house before climbing over into the passenger seat.

They drove in complete silence, which lead to the two of them sitting in Richie's shitty car, engine off, down the road from Eddie's house and still in complete silence.

"Say something," it was as close to getting down on his knees and begging as Richie was going to get.

Eddie turned to look at him, properly, doe eyes wide and fucking scared. God, whatever Richie had done to cause *that* he'd never forgive himself for.

"I'm going to fuck something up."

It's better than whatever this is, Richie bit back.

“You were gonna say something... before my impending ‘mom’ joke was interrupted.”

Something about that made Eddie laugh, as bitter as it sounded, Richie latched onto it, “I interrupted you interrupting me.”

Richie laughed too, “I know, its so us.”

He heard Eddie wince, and guilt twisted in his stomach, “Eddie... Eds, whatever it is I won’t care... no judgement here, just– please,” it was getting pathetic now, “you’re fuckin’ worrying me, dude... okay, you don’t need to tell me everything, or anything, fuck! Just... are you okay? And are we okay?”

His eyes bore into the other boy’s cheek as he sat hinged upon every word of his answer.

“No secrets, right Rich?” The quiver in his voice made Richie’s heartstrings snap and set off alarm bells in Richie’s head.

He knows.

“No secrets, Eds.”

A hand cupped his cheek, and before Richie could even process *that*, Eddie’s lips were on his.

Notes for the Chapter:

literally i had just finished writing eddie's bit when i realised i had unknowingly ripped off richard siken
literally how much of a Repressed Homosexual can i be???

also yes stan likes richard siken because he has taste.

21. dentists hate them!

Summary for the Chapter:

tooth rotting fluff ahead

Eddie wondered if Richie could hear his heart hammering in his chest... because Eddie could certainly feel it. In the seconds after pulling back, registering the shock on Richie's face and realising what he'd actually just fucking done, Eddie was convinced his heart was either going to beat right out of his chest or stop all together. The first instinct was to apologise (*what good would that do?*), blame it on a drunken impulse (*there's no way Richie believes I'm that drunk*), and book it to his bedroom window. *A great, surefire way to make sure he never talks to me again*, Eddie thought bitterly.

Richie's mouth opened, a strangled sound escaping it. He was still gawking at Eddie, it was almost funny in a weird way. Were Eddie perhaps a more confident man, he'd smirk, say something snide and flirtatious just to break the fucking tension.

Instead, what he said was, "Rich," his voice was thick but barely a whisper as he desperately searched the other's face for any kind of reaction other than shock.

That reaction came, not in the way of disgust or anger like Eddie was half-expecting, nor in the way of an awkward breath of laughter and a comment about lowered inhibitions like Eddie was also kind of expecting. Rather, right as Eddie realised their faces were still only inches apart from one another, Richie closed the gap between them again, bringing a hand around to the back of Eddie's neck.

The noise Eddie made was somewhere between relief, surprise, and

euphoria, because holy shit? Richie fucking Tozier was kissing *him*. The angle was awkward for a moment, but when Richie turned his body to fully face the other boy, Eddie had to twist his free hand in the fabric of the cape over his lap to stop himself from going straight through the roof of the car. Richie kissed well, not that Eddie would have cared if he didn't (it was still Richie fucking Tozier kissing him), but a weirdly pleasant surprise it was none-the-less. He was gentle against Eddie's lips, moving at a steady pace. Eddie's thumb brushed gentle at the cool skin of Richie's cheek, and he was trying really fucking hard not to smile like a dipshit into this. Unsurprisingly, Richie beat him to that, mouth splitting into a grin that Eddie took a moment too long to stop kissing at. He pulled back, a smile just as big on his own face.

The silence that hung between them then was much more palatable, though Eddie's skin still felt like it would burst into flames and he was smiling so hard it hurt.

"Okay, just to gage how much of an idiot I am: how long have you been sitting on that?"

Eddie barked out a laugh, "a while."

"Fuck, seriously? How much lost time do I have to make up for?"

Eddie felt himself heat up, dropping his gaze down to the centre console, "'s embarrassing."

"Aw," he cooed, pinching at Eddie's cheeks with the hand that had just been on Eddie's neck. Eddie swatted at him and rolled his eyes,

hoping Richie didn't notice the way he leaned into the touch, "I can guarantee you I'm worse."

That got Eddie's interest, "oh yeah?"

"Yeah."

Even with the shitty lighting, Eddie could still make out the way Richie's skin darkened. The urge to kiss him again was almost overwhelming, but he managed to keep his head from tipping forward again. It was barely midnight, and the chances of one of his neighbours coming home from a late-night shift, catching the two of them in the car together, were too high for Eddie's liking.

"Can we, uh, take this some place more private?"

"Ho ho, Eds, what are you suggesting here?" Richie said with a wiggle of his eyebrows. Eddie rolled his eyes and shoved Richie back.

"Don't even, Trashmouth, we're just a bit out in the open here."

"I get it, I get it, not crazy about Mrs Kerch tipping ol' Sonia?"

Eddie smiled sadly, "can't risk it... as appealing as making out in the dark in your shitty car is."

He grinned wickedly, “I think you mean that more than you’re letting on.”

“Just get out, asshole!”

With a boost from Richie, Eddie’s hands wrapped around the lowest branch of the small tree that sat in front of his house. He hooked his leg around the bow and pulled the rest of his body up with it, very grateful for the hindsight he’d had not to drink anymore at the party. He made it the rest of the way up and stepped carefully over to his windowsill, reached his hand underneath the pane and slide the glass up, slipping gracefully and planting both feet on his carpeted floor. The tree shook as Richie followed his lead, scaling the tree and slipping with impressive silence into Eddie’s room.

“Never seen you that in control of your limbs before, dipshit,” Eddie couldn’t help but tease, sitting down on his bed as Richie sat down against the wall.

“Like you said, can’t risk getting caught. Would kinda put a dampener on the night.”

“Night’s gotten pretty damp already, recent developments aside,” Eddie mumbled, guilt tugging at his stomach, easing up only as Richie shot a sympathetic smile his way, “c’mere...”

Richie did, pushing himself up and stepping towards the bed, movements apprehensive. Eddie wasn’t sure if that was because he

was nervous or just really didn't want to risk waking Eddie's mother (probably both). It took a small tug on his hand for Richie to sit down next to him, but he didn't pull his hand away, instead played idly with Eddie's fingers.

"Who wants to go first?" Eddie asked.

"If I get going, I won't be able to stop, so you start."

Eddie scrunched up his face, sucking in a sharp breath.

Here goes fucking nothing, then.

"So, kind of obvious at this point, but I like you— God that sounds so dumb to say because it feels like so much more than a, like, high school crush? I think about you all the fucking time, Richie, you make me feel— I can't even find the words— Jesus, why'd you let me go first?"

Richie snorted, "yeah, on reflection that was a bad call. You want me to tap in?"

Eddie rolled his eyes, "no, asshole, I got this. Being around you makes me feel like I'm on top of the world... I mean, I do with the other Losers as well, but you make me feel fucking untouchable, sometimes. Like I can do anything. I'm... I've only really felt like that with you. I don't care about fucking anything when I'm around you, Rich. Well, I don't care nearly as much as I do normally. And sure,

that might be because you're my best friend, but there's something else to it. I wanna be around you all the time and I don't like when I'm not and I get pissy and jealous-."

"Jealous?"

"God, yeah. It sucks, and I hate that I do it, but I do. Like, there was a time like, two years ago- when I first sorta realised- where I thought you had a crush on Stan and God it sucked because I wanted..." he cut himself off with a wince recounting it, "I wanted that so badly to be me. And it scared me shitless which made things worse and I felt like I had to stop hanging around you as much in case I fucked up."

"Oh Eds," was all Richie said before he ducked his head and pressed a kiss to the side of Eddie's mouth.

"I... literally can't say anything else," and Richie took his cue.

"Well, good news, wasn't Stan I had the hots for. It's always been you, man. I've been fucking crazy about you since we were twelve."

Eddie's eyes widened, and he was pretty sure he full-on spluttered with surprise.

Richie laughed again wildly, "I know! Isn't that pathetic? God, how you didn't catch me red-handed with that shit I'll never know... I did- I *do*- everything to get your attention, Eds. It's always been you... I like you so much, dude, holy shit."

Eddie could see Richie's shoulders loosen the more he spoke, and the way he was looking at him made Eddie want to melt. He did the next best thing: taking his hands from Richie's, he cupped the sides of Richie's face and gently pulled him in close. They stayed there for a moment, foreheads pressed together, looking into each others eyes like something from one of the films Stan made them watch sometimes, it was disgustingly romantic and Eddie was eating it up. He finally moved the rest of the way forward, meeting Richie's lips with his own.

It took a bit of shuffling for the angle to be just right, Eddie's legs moved behind Richie and he shifted his body closer to Richie's. One of Richie's hands found purchase just above his hipbone as the other went to cover Eddie's, thumb running over his knuckles. It was so... soft, Eddie felt as though he could spend the rest of time in that bedroom with Richie like this, kissing him so, so softly.

"I can hear you thinking, dude, Jesus," Richie exhaled a laugh, breath warming Eddie's mouth.

Eddie's cheeks heated, and he slumped forward into Richie's shoulder, "I just like that I get to do that now... like, kiss you."

Richie made a noise Eddie didn't have it in him to tease and his arms wrapped around Eddie's waist, pulling him so he was sat between Richie's legs, "you've kinda always been able to, Eds," he whispered, lips pressed against the top of Eddie's head.

"Good, because I'm not planning on stopping."

“God, fuck yeah, don’t ever. Fuck class and shit, we’ll just stay here forever.”

Eddie’s whole body went warm as Richie repeated his own thoughts from before, “one more thing, then,” he started, “are we, like, official?” Richie sat back so he could look at Eddie, and as he opened his mouth to answer, it suddenly dawned on Eddie what they were wearing.

“I just asked you to be my boyfriend while you’re wearing wolf ears. What the fuck.”

Richie’s face split into a brilliant grin, “first of all, don’t act like they don’t do it for you,” Eddie flicks his chin, then presses a soft kiss to it, “second of all, in no way did you fucking ask that but holy shit Eddie, yes. Be my boyfriend. Fuck, let’s be so obnoxious about this, but Ben and Bev to shame.”

“I’m already regretting this,” Eddie said as if he wasn’t grinning from ear to ear either, and take those fucking things off, they’ll get tangled in your mop and you’ll be bitching about ‘em in the morning.” Eddie does it for him, pulling the shitty plastic clips from Richie’s tangle of curls.

The softness lingered for the rest of the night. Richie had changed into some spare clothes he kept at Eddie’s (Eddie had also thrown on some of Richie’s clothes, pretending it wasn’t totally deliberate). They stood pressed together as they brushed their teeth, staying less than an inch apart as they bundled up under Eddie’s covers (slightly out of necessity, but it was still really fucking nice), and when they woke up

to Eddie's alarm the next morning, there was no pressing need to turn and untangle Richie's gangly limbs from his own.

Notes for the Chapter:

sorry for the wait!! things uhhh kinda slipped this week but we're all good now!!

we got there boys!! they finally cowboyed up !! i really hope you enjoyed this chapter i fucking loved writing it

follow my tumblr - 89tczier

22. and the penny drops

Summary for the Chapter:

sorry for being gone so long holy shit i did not expect such a dip in motivation ;=; we all g now tho!! there's a longer chapter coming up within a day or two which'll jump ahead a few weeks

LOSERS

friday 07:10

Spooky Stan : Has anyone heard from Richie?

mike of the living dead : no

bloody bill : nada

morticia : nope and i haven't been able to get ahold of eddie either

gomez : do you think they're okay? they seemed kinda off last night

mike of the living dead : you guys dont think we overdid it, right?

morticia : not like we locked them in a bathroom together

gomez : only because me and mike said no

morticia : we still didnt!!!

bloody bill :should we be taking abt this on the main chat

mike of the living dead : o fuk true

Spooky Stan : Wait, Eddie just came online.

gazeboos : SO YOU FUCKERS DID KNOW

mike of the living dead : uh oh

morticia : WHY WEREN'T YOU ANSWERING YOUR PHONE

gazeboos : I FORGOT TO PLUG IT IN, MOM JFC

tozier the terror : he was distracted ;3

private chat between *angel* <3 and *dickhead* <3

angel <3 : stfu ur so fucking annoying

dickhead <3 : and yet you still like me

angel <3 : reluctantly....

dickhead <3 : i've won, ladies and gents!!!

angel <3 : adfjajs shhh

LOSERS

gomez : oh??????

morticia : kjaskdjflksdjf????

tozier the terror has changed their display name to ***richie kaspbrak***

gomez : OH???????????

bloody bill : OWO WHATS THIS

gazeboos : richie you shithead

richie kaspbrak : we did say we were gonna outdo ben and bev

bloody bill : HUH????

gazeboos has changed their display name to eddie tozier

eddie tozier : you said that, not me

morticia : GUYS

richie kaspbrak : yeah?

eddie tozier : what's up, bev

bloody bill : did you sort your shit out????

richie kasbrak : you're gonna have to be a bit more specific there billy

bloody bill : eddie did you tell him

eddie tozier :yes

mike of the living dead : finally holy shit

gomez : guys!!! thats so sweet

morticia : SJDFHGJS FINALLY OH MY GOD

Spooky Stan : We were wondering when it was coming.

mike of the living dead : who made the first move

richie kaspbrak : eddie laid a hot one on me in my truck

morticia : im so fucking proud

richie kasprak : it was scandalous

eddie tozier : literally stfu!! it was barely a peck and you were so surprised you just stared at me afterwards

bloody bill : trashmouth reduced to silence??? has the world gone mad?????

Spooky Stan : Who knew that's all it took to shut him up...

richie kaspbrak : well excuse me for being a little caught off guard

richie kaspbrak : but then i swept you off your feet

eddie tozier : you called me dude right after you told me you liked me

richie kaspbrak : oookokok point taken

gomez : so are you guys official?

eddie tozier : yeah <3

only stable family unit

morticia : details. now.

eddie tozier : ok basically we just told each other everything and that we've been Dumb and Pining for years (he's liked me since we were 12????) and then we just kind of kissed and talked and cuddled until like 3 am so im gonna be dead tired today but ooo it'll be so worth it

gomez : eddie thats so sweet??

morticia : dsfjlkdlkd????

eddie tozier : i just had to sneak him out a like 5 am but he gave me a... lil kiz goodbye n aaaa i almost Died

eddie tozier : adjksdjflksjf!!!! it was so????? soft

eddie tozier : he's such a good kisser too like ????

bloody bill : seriously eddie congrats im so happy for you

eddie tozier : ok we gotta get ready but!! see u at school

morticia : see you soon, casanova

eddie tozier : shhhh

LOSERS

gomez : wait what do you mean outdo ben and bev?

Notes for the Chapter:

like i said, normal length chapter coming up soon

you can follow my tumblr, 89tczier if u want,, thanks
for being patient!!

23. even more shitty, holiday-pun-based usernames!

Summary for the Chapter:

bill, bev and rich get their romance rights Removed
:/

quick heads up, a really breif mention of emotional manipulation and abuse - specifically a parent being deceptively sweet (its sonia, so you already know how it be)

no more deadlines!! chaboy is Free

LOSERS

tuesday 12:20

richie the big dick reindeer : the fact that i dont get to spend all of christmas break with my boyfriend is... hm... very biphobic

jingle bills : oh it's big missing partner hours

richie the big dick reindeer : god gives her toughest battles to her strongest soldiers, bill

richie the big dick reindeer : we'll get through this

jingle bills : i could rlly use a wish rn,,, wish rn

merry and mike : it's literally been three days since we broke up from school are yall good????

richie the big dick reindeer : NO MIKE WE MISS OUR RESPECTIVE BEAUS

jingle bills : just because you and stan get to keep each other warm all night does NOT mean you can shame the rest of us

Stanta : Bill, I will not hesitate to vibe check you.

jingle bills : they go' hate me regardless

bellverly : thats why i do what i do

jingle bills : see me in person im flawless

bellverly : i might just snatch up your dude!

jingle bills : bev ur the only bitch in this house i ever respected

bellverly : im also goin thru no bf hours except jokes on yall he gets back in a week

jingle bills : ACTUAL OPPRESSION???

richie the big dick reindeer : the actual biphobia of it all

richie the big dick reindeer : it doesn't help that eddie's family have literally never heard of good wifi in their life

jingle bills : ok richie is officially the worst off

richie the big dick reindeer : i just

richie the big dick reindeer : fuck he has to be All Alone for most of the day w family who treat him horribly

Stanta : It's not for long, Rich.

richie the big dick reindeer : ikik but whats a boy to do :(

jingle bills : would you,,,, be so inclined,,,,,, so keep me company on this oh so cold night?

richie the big dick reindeer : a cuddle sesh??? with my boy??????
literally come over rn

jingle bills : bev you wanna get in on this

bellverly : duh??

jingle bills : we get to see pepsi!!

richie the big dick reindeer : Please Use Her Full Title

bellverly : the disrespect

jingle bills : FUCK MS SPRITE PEPSI AND IM ABSTINENCE BEFORE I
DIE IM SO SORRY AN UGLY ASS BITCH LIKE ME WOULD EVER SAY
SOMETHING LIKE THAT

Stanta : I still cannot believe you chose that name.

merry and mike : it was eddie's pick, what was he gonna do? say no?

richie the big dick reindeer : it was eddie's pick, what was i gonna
do? say no?

richie the big dick reindeer : HEY WHAT THE FUCK

jingle bills : IM-

Stanta : I'm so fucking homophobic, it's unbelievable!

billverly : god mike you really fucking went for it

merry and mike : now thats what i call Vibe Checking

richie the big dick reindeer : now your boyf is homophobic mike
what are you gonna do now?

merry and mike : try and change his mind, ig

Stanta : I think I could be convinced.

merry and mike : *eye emojis*

richie the big dick reindeer : gross now im homophobic

eddie christmas : when did y'all start kinning my mom?

richie the big dick reindeer : when i got bored of fuckin her

eddie christmas : you better count yourself lucky i'm like three states away, dickard

richie the big dick reindeer : i literally can't i miss you too much

jingle bills : its true he let out a squeal when he saw ur name pop up

eddie christmas : NOW I CANT BE MEAN FUCK YOU RICH

eddie christmas : i miss you too :(

eddie christmas : im not used to being around so many cishets it's unnerving

bellverly : isn't that a mood

eddie christmas : also my mom is being Uncomfortably sweet ?? like she's saying nice things about me and stuff

eddie christmas : im so ready for the Drop but i think its just to one up her sisters and their kids like its so??? obvious???

eddie christmas : “why can’t be more like eddie, eddie’s so wellbehaved” thanks marge its the emotional manipulation

merry and mike : oh god, eddie

Stanta : That must be really taxing, Eddie, I’m so sorry.

richie the big dick reindeer : sonia gets no rights for christmas

eddie christmas : i miss you all so much its not even funny

eddie christmas : fuck sorry for bringing the mood down

jingle bills : don’t apologise, eds, we’re here for ya

eddie christmas : i know <3 how are your holidays goin tho?

jingle bills : 3/5 of us are currently having real emo hours

jingle bills : the other 2/5 are being disgustingly coupley

bellverly : the nerve of them

Stanta : We're not fucking doing anything!

merry and mike : that you can see

Stanta : Exactly.

eddie christmas : bill is right, the audacity you two have

merry and mike : ITS BEEN THREE DAYS

Notes for the Chapter:

yes i know ben isn't in this but i promise there's a reason for that outside of i couldn't think of a clever user name for him (bold of me to insinuate that any of this shit is 'clever')

check out my tumblr - 89tczier - for more bullshittery! feel free to send hcs or asks, i love that shit :)